

THE CONTINENT

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THE TAOS HARVEST—A STRAIGHT FURROW.

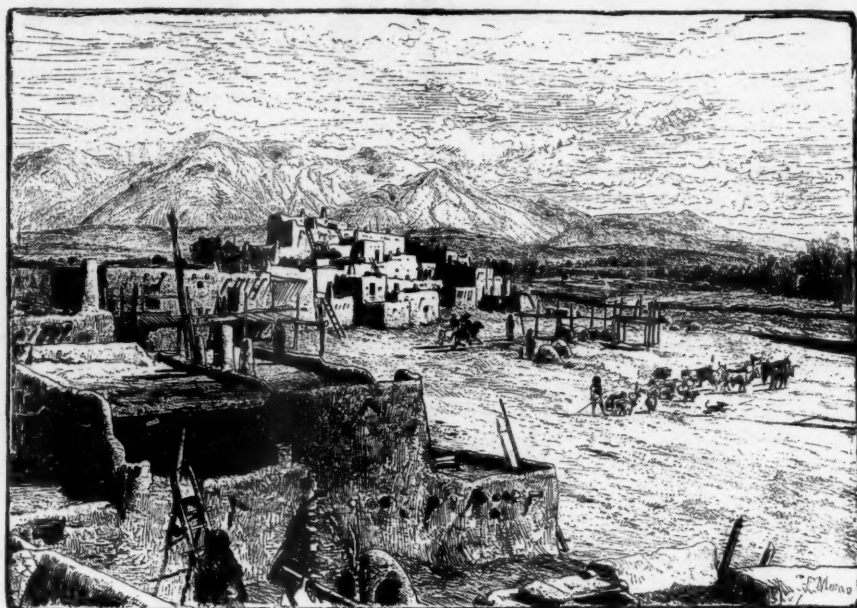
A HARVEST WITH THE TAOS INDIANS.

AROUND the Indians of the Pueblos is thrown that interest which attaches itself to any subject presenting an exceptional or anomalous character. Less an exception, perhaps, than an anomaly, these people seem to afford for North American ethnology the necessary link between savagery and civilization. Though strictly an Indian, the Pueblo is an Indian without those peculiarities of war paint, tomahawks and feathers which commonly clothe him in the popular mind; for long training in a complete system of domestic and tribal law has elevated him to a respectable status in morals, taught him to rear a permanent dwelling, and to cultivate his lands as a means of subsistence.

These Indians occupy a long, irregular belt, extending from the borders of Mexico into the southern extremity of Colorado, a belt containing twenty-three villages in one lengthened chain. A tour through the principal of these brought our party, after various not-to-be-forgotten experiences, to the Pueblo of Taos, the most northern of the New Mexican series.

Taos is generally held by archaeologists to be one of the oldest inhabited pueblos, and in construction may be regarded as a type of its class—we say *inhabited*, for several of them are now without the vestige of an occupant.

Our party consisted of three persons—two Easterners in search of the picturesque, and a Western man, who knew mules and the Indo-Spanish dialects. It was in the twilight of a hot, tedious day that our ambulance wheeled slowly through the corrals and into the plaza of the village. Our approach was heralded by the screech of an eagle, which moved uneasily upon one of the loftiest pinnacles of the pueblo, and stretched out his ragged black wings against the sky. The announcement of this sentinel brought forth a score of blanket-clad figures, either rising from the traps in the roofs or issuing from the alleys of the town. In a moment we were surrounded. The governor was on hand, and easily recognized—a tall, spare man, well grayed with years. He picked away nervously at the short hairs of



THE SOUTH PUEBLO.

his beard as he listened to the labored interpretation of a letter from the Great Father at Washington; and then led the way in a rapid zigzag through the scattering crowds. We followed with difficulty, and found him waiting in front of a low mud lodge. An armful of dry corn-husks threw out a brilliant light from the fireplace in the corner, and our quick survey of the tenement was followed by a spontaneous outburst of commendation. The floor was of hard cement, and the walls at their intersection met in a curve. At the height of a foot a little variety was introduced by a broad line of yellow ochre, and from this to the top the walls were whitened. The ponderous timbers overlying the walls were barked and left clean, and allowed to protrude several feet on the outside—a feature characteristic of all pueblo buildings. As the chief withdrew, there came a sense of complete ownership in the little house, and it was not long before we had moved in our luggage and adjusted it to our liking.

On the following morning we were able to satisfy a hitherto restrained curiosity in regard to this, the finest of the pueblos. The town itself never appears more striking than at this early hour. Raising its pyramid in six irregular gradations, each tier turns toward the east a few ragged corners to catch the light, while the remainder, lost in shadow, hints of indefinite size. The silence of the housetops is impressive, as the members of each habitation offer up their mute tribute to the sun, the while drinking into full lungs a morning's refreshment of pure oxygen. Thin blue lines of smoke rise above a score of chimneys, as from acceptable offerings laid upon the altars of Ceres hidden below.

The town of Taos was formerly encompassed by a wall, the remains of which are still to be seen skirting an irregular space of a dozen acres or less. Within this, and on either side of the stream which intersects

it, two piles of buildings have been reared, beside other smaller lodges which lie about these centres. There were originally no doors or means of ingress on the ground floor, but, instead, entrance was had through trap-doors in the roofs, reached by ladders from without, which in time of danger might easily be pulled up, so as to allow no opportunity to the invader. With their animals safely corralled behind the walls, and an abundance of water at hand, the inhabitants high out of reach, how perfect the whole arrangement for a siege! But "the piping times of peace" have spoiled this unique idea, punched holes into the basement, broken down the outer walls, and allowed the bridge to crumble and fall into the swift water below.

Thrift, however, is the mighty enemy of the picturesque; and now that easy neglect has laid her loose hand upon it, the subject presents, in its broken lines and half-buried accessories, also in the diversified tones of its color—the token of relative age—a rugged and barren grandeur that it probably never possessed when the sentries paced to and fro upon the housetops, and the wall was kept at the height and condition of a convent barricade.

In front of the North Pueblo stands a row of huge bake-ovens, conical in shape, each provided with a large door and a hole for the draft. Most of the year they are unused, save by the dogs, who find them snug kennels at night, or by the pet eagles for whom the dome-tops seem to have a peculiar fascination. Reaching the walls of the structure, twenty yards farther back, we mount one of the many ladders and gain the first platform. The door which first confronts us is about half a man's height, and, stooping, we enter. After a moment the eye becomes accustomed to the dim light of the apartment, and we glance about. The room probably measures fifteen feet by twenty feet, with a height of seven and a half feet. In one corner is the open fire-

place, about which lie pots, large and small, used in cooking, a pile of *piñon* branches and *mesquit* roots for fuel, and a large olla with open mouth serving as a deposit for ashes. Along one side is the bed, with its cushion of skins and blankets, under which are concealed the few valuables of the occupant. From the rafters hangs the cradle, a stout wicker basket furnished with soft skins, and beside it are strung festoons of many-colored ears of corn, red peppers, jerked meat, bear grass, feathers, etc.

A multitude of ladders of all sizes, charred and cracked chimneys, surmounted by bulky caps; a bake-oven large enough for a night's lodging, trap-doors *ad infinitum*, poles of odd and unnecessary lengths, which serve, as occasion requires, for jerking meat and drying clothes, are what confront us on each exit from the dim dwellings into the intense sunlight. As we mount higher the walls become more delicate and the ceilings lower, the highest story of the North Pueblo barely accommodating a person in sitting posture. The owner sleeps inside, but lives, so to speak, on his front porch. Here and there, on a balcony by itself, is a large wooden cage, which indicates ownership in an eagle, though usually the bird, with wings clipped, is desecrated enjoying his probatory freedom on an isolated clothes-pole, or in the lofty summit of a tree of the sacred grove.

Taos, though one of the few pueblos retaining its original form since the invasion of the Spaniards, in 1540, has been gradually going to decay for the want of owners to fill and care for its habitations. The two structures have a full capacity for a thousand souls, though less than half this number now occupies them.

Behind the town lies the grove, a sort of park for its denizens, which throws a shade over the stream, and hides it darkly until received into the steep sides of the cañon behind. Entering leisurely, we are led through its stately arches and along the well-worn labyrinth of path. Here and there is seated a quiet group. The smoke from the pipes is watched as it curls and is lost among the limbs and leaves. Now and then a weird song breaks the silence, or the low mumble of conversation swells the monotone of the stream. There is certainly an enchantment in this unfeigned serenity, ignoring all thoughts of obligation and care, and the impression left gives rise to a swarm of speculative fancies.

A day or two being allowed to test the motives of the strangers, the Indians readily became friendly. We were known to be from Washington. Our clothes told this. Washington is to the Indian a modern Babylon—large enough to contain all people wearing pantaloons over their boots, and coat-tails. The blue

shirt men come from Kansas. (Here all the self-cocking revolvers are made.) Upon this recommendation we were granted the freedom of the village, together with its dwellings, and paid for the privilege roundly. Our calls were promptly returned, generally at meal time, this being an hour reserved for the purpose. The chimney of our lodge upon the ground floor was well placed as a centre for the eyes of the little community, and became an irrepressible tell-tale of dining hours. It was possible, also, for the curious to know our bill of fare by analyzing the odors as they rose out of the top. Our food, though eaten by them with relish, was received in a manner bespeaking the compliment which they seemed eager to return upon us in accepting it.

Occasionally we dined out, more from curiosity than for any epicurean gratifications. We usually found the household squatting around a dish of *frijoles*, or stewed beans, and an *olla podrida*, or a pot of boiled meat, hot with peppers. As it was the height of the corn season, a *tenajah* full of real homelike-looking ears was invariably part of the spread. *Tortillas* are made of flour, a cross between a thick cake and a thin loaf, fried upon hot copper plates. The beans are eaten with scoops, which look like pieces of brown paper; but, strangely



A TAOS PET.



IDYLIC COURTSHIP.

enough, both spoon and *frijoles* go down together. This scoop is an article of food, called *guayare*, plastic enough to be easily rolled up and used—an advance upon fingers, but a degree below pewter.

To the stranger, with never so limited a knowledge, communication with them is not difficult. One may take his chances in three tongues. It is well to start off in Spanish, which always gains attention. Fairly under way he may find license for the use of an English word or two, which the listener no doubt imagines to be some part of Spanish lacking in his own scanty vocabu-

lary. A pure Indian word thrown in carelessly with proper accent helps much to strengthen a friendship. It is amusing to trace the maneuvers and twistings through which a successfully-developed sentence having this recommendation is evolved. The gesture comes in as an appendix, carrying everything not contained in the vocabularies. It must be delivered with freedom and force, rather as a substitute for speech than as an apology for its lack. One feels added dignity in a well-swung gesture, and the effect is always satisfactory. Hence we indulge this vanity at the expense of further progress in words; nor is the presence of our ever-ready interpreter calculated to inspire any lasting enthusiasm toward the acquirement of a native dialect.

These people are essentially happy and contented. Life is an enjoyment. They love its picturesqueness, its opportunity of combining work and play; its speedy transitions from the heat of willing labor to the cool quietude of disinclination.

The plowing of the land well illustrates their strong tendency to combine labor with what may rid labor of its servility. Often as many as ten yoke of oxen, awkwardly coupled together by the horns, are seen following the footsteps of a child with a regularity which insures a straight line across the field. No other reason for the number is apparent, but the love of company



A TRADING PARTY.

and a crowd, and the boisterous hilarity which follows the slow company and sends back the bedlam of voices from the bottom-lands, is significant of those simple delights of all yeomen.

Our arrival in the village was none too soon to witness all the operations of harvest-time. This season above all others affords most of the picturesque features of the pueblo life. The various processes follow in rapid succession, and though performed with the clumsy implements of a time long past, the whole work, from the reaping to the housing of the grain, is accomplished within less than a month.

Harvest life here is a great open-air festival, and in the quaint processes employed, carries the mind back to the simple ways of all ancient peoples. The fields of grain surround the village on three sides, but mainly stretch out into the valley, following the great irrigating ditch or *acequia*. Here we find a score of workers bending their backs among the tall stalks, all armed with knives or sickles notched with saw teeth. The labor of cutting is necessarily slow and irksome, especially to the Indian, who has a particular fondness for maintaining a straight back. But when one throws down the knife there is another close at hand to take it up, so that the good work never ceases. Meanwhile the one relieved rolls himself a cigarette and readjusts his shoulders. Not unfrequently total indisposition asserts itself, and it is by no means a rare thing to see a game of cards engrossing a small knot under the shady cover of a haycock. But the day is a long one, work full under way by five o'clock, and life—what is it to these free-livers, whose lack in material necessities is supplied by the Government, but a routine of accepted employments?—not to be vexed by care or anxiety.

Day by day the reapers return to the fields, and little by little, from the elevation on which the town stands, can be seen the progress made upon the plain below. A line of haycocks moving out from the meadow, up the gentle ascent to the threshing-floor, has an uncertain witchery about it, which is explained by the presence of the *burro* and his varied adaptability. His master seems to make a sort of joke of him, and takes delight in enveloping his scant size in immense loads. The lumbering *carrettas*, drawn by oxen, are made useful in this work, and go by squeaking and groaning upon their wooden axles.

Men and boys also help in the portage, staggering homeward beneath huge bundles of grain, or carrying them on their backs by means of a leather band passed under the sheaves and over the forehead. In these and in other ways the meadows are gradually stripped, and their abundance piled up in stacks of odd assortment along the banks of the creek.

Now at length the joy of harvest is at hand. Aroused one morning by the monotonous ding-dong of a cow-bell, which had mingled itself with our waking dreams, we found the threshers already established at short intervals along this low *mesa*, and pushing forward the work lustily. A number of inclosures of the size of a circus ring had been formed by long poles driven into the ground. Connecting these were ropes of rawhide, which supported gayly-colored blankets of various patterns, all so hung as to give the slight framework an aspect of completeness and strength. Each ring had its band

of horses, fifteen or more, and not far away were others under guard as relays. The stack of grain in the centre, jostled and leaped upon by the excited horses as they described an irregular wheel about it, fell gradually into the ring and under their hoofs.

Here and there a *wickiup*, hastily constructed of cottonwood boughs in full view of the threshing-floor, afforded a cool shade for the spectators; of these there is never a lack, and a free lunch of tortillas and boiled corn was in waiting for any who wished it. All about us were heard the shrill cry of the driver's "Hi, ya!" the ceaseless cracking of whips, and the bells of the horses clanking in different time and tone.

Occasionally a colt finds its way into the ring, and is driven on with the rest of the band; but its strength soon fails, and of necessity it must be let out. The innate perversity of colts renders this a delicate matter. The victim first finds a lasso, and then a pair of stout arms about his neck. A wrestling-match, evenly contested over the slippery straw, then follows. The crowd begins to gather—the horses look on with stupid surprise. At length, when the loud wheezing and rolling eyeballs tell of strength almost expended, the animal is grappled by the throat and hurried toward the outlet. The head once pointed in the right direction, a kick delivered with a heavy thud upon the *obliquus abdominis* finishes the performance. The colt returns the compliment into the air, and, until quite satisfied that no pur-



THE OLDEST INHABITANT.



A PENDING SADDLE TRADE.

suer follows, persists in a series of rapid and undulatory plunges toward the *verdie* beyond.

While following the band an erect attitude is scrupulously maintained, and, shod with light moccasins, the tall, spare youths seem the personification of tireless activity. They resign the whip with much protest, as though, for the matter of that, they might follow the drove half a day. The stack having been leveled, and the tramping continued until sundown, the corral is opened and the weary horses turned free.

The afternoon breeze, an unfailing event of the day, is an important factor in the next process. With large wooden shovels the threshing-floor is cleared, and the straw thrown high into the air. This, blown but a short distance, forms an embankment on one side. What grain has fallen is then swept up by the women with short sage whisks, carried in their tunics to the adjoining enclosure, and piled for winnowing. With methods so loose and superficial, the various processes demand not a few repetitions, and the next morning finds most of the same grain upon the threshing-floors.

The inclosures set apart for the grain are paved with hard clay. Here the first winnowing is done by the men, the grain being shaken from long boxes provided with four handles, the bottoms of which are stretched with stiff bull's-hide and punctured with small holes. The final winnowing is intrusted to the women, their greater patience being a safer guarantee for the cleanliness of the work. Over and over again it is sifted, thrown up with the hands, or allowed to fall slowly from large flat baskets, until all over the hard pavement the rich yellow piles begin to appear. Day by day small

blanket loads are carried into the pueblo by the women, and there stored in the basement of the building.

The enthusiasm of this work continues night and day; the harvest moon looks down upon a busy scene in the pueblos. Swinging around us a blanket in the manner of the brethren, one evening we sauntered forth. The heavens were brilliant, and in the keen atmosphere a wonderful radiance fell over all the plain. Some of the Indians were at work with pitchforks and baskets, others had fallen asleep, buried deep in the loose chaff; a few of the irrepressible youth improved the opportunity for a flirtation; and now and then a merry laugh rippling out on the breeze called to mind the "Minnehaha" of less prosaic times. At a little distance a party of three or four chanted an Indian air, and the dust which could be dimly made out in that direction, told that the forks were kept moving in time with the music. The tintinabulation of a bell farther down we knew to mean a band of horses still tramping within the enclosure.

The care of the flocks forms no small part of the vocation of the Pueblos. Large numbers of both sheep and goats find pasture upon the mountain-sides, requiring diligent protection from the marauding pumas and coyotes. The wool is used largely for the weaving of blankets, which in texture and color design cannot be surpassed in this country. The best make of them will hold water for half an hour; and so highly prized are they for decoration that Boston has lately established an institution for the manufacture of *Pueblo Indian blankets*.

The most charming piece of Arcadian romance which came to us, eliciting a sympathetic tear for the unhappy ones involved, was found in the ardent attachment

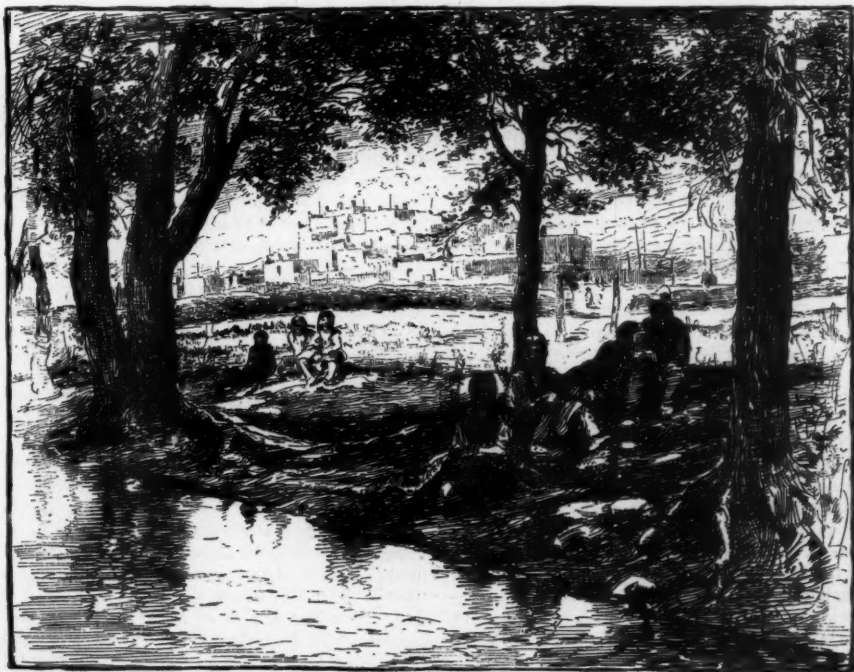
which a shepherd boy had for a pretty, bright-eyed, chunky bit of Indian maidenhood. The adroitness with which the unsuspecting eye of village factotums was evaded, and which secured a happy meeting of the lovers on the road when out of sight of the pueblo, was of itself sufficient to call out our benedictions as casual observers. But the fates were ready with the shears. The thread had not been of their weaving. The news of an elopement woke the whole village into activity, and three runners were immediately dispatched. By a cross cut over the mountains the rash pair were intercepted, mounted on one horse and heading toward San Juan, where the Spanish priest was to have tied the knot. The Indians always receive the rite of marriage from the Catholic Church.

Next morning the tear-stained adventurers reappeared, but what sentence was meted out for their irregular procedure we never heard.

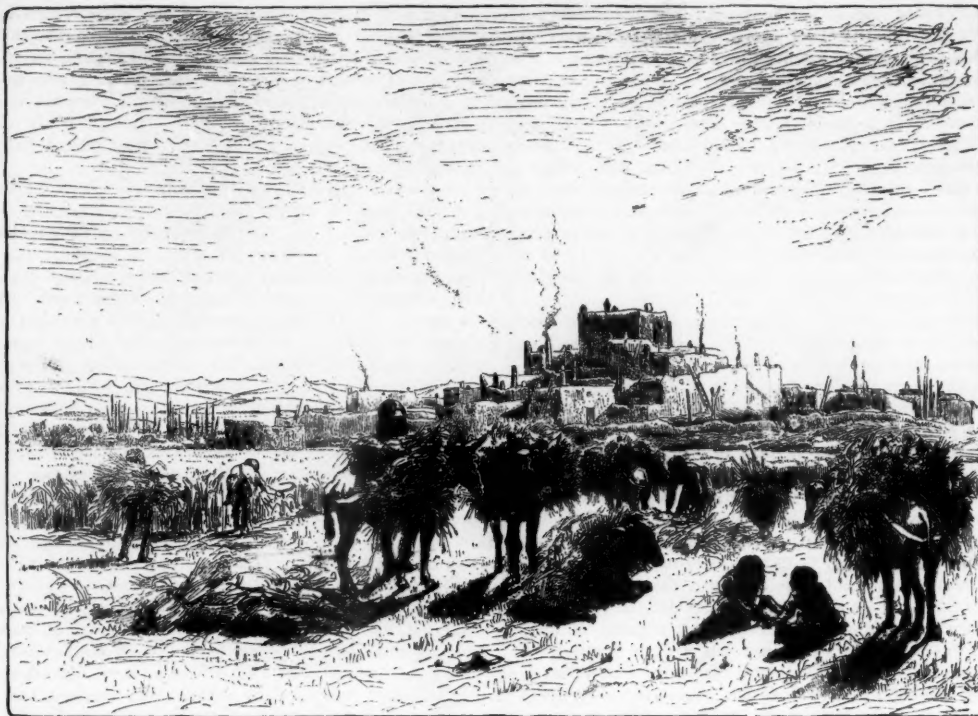
To the boys belongs the labor of collecting the fuel. This is obtained far up on the mountain-side, where, at the beginning of the snow-line, the piñon is of small growth and easily cut or broken. Toward noon, heralded by shouts, which for some time might be heard echoing along the sides of the rocky cañon, odd parties of two or three straggle into the village, their little burros bristling all over with the gnarled and wind-twisted branches. When safely carried up the ladders and deposited on the parental hearthstone, their work for the day is done, and the youngsters are left to follow out any boyish inclination. Frequently a game of *man-shale*, or shinny as we would know it, is started, the players exhibiting unusual activity in their tireless pursuit of the ball. The use of the legs is indeed a necessary part of an Indian education, in many ways proving itself a serviceable acquirement, as in the case of the

three runners sent on the track of the unhappy couple whose ante-nuptial journey has just been referred to. The distance from Taos to Santa Fé, seventy-five miles, was covered by one of these swift runners, carrying despatches of importance, whom, starting six hours after us, we found leaning against the door-post of the hotel upon reaching the city on the following day. There was no way of making our four mules ashamed of this fact.

One youth there was too old for the services of a fuel-gatherer, and for whom the labors of the harvest-field had little attraction. His locks, falling to the waist—an unusual length—gave an air to his person quite in keeping with the dignity of his carriage and the fine development of limb and feature. The artistic eyes of the visitors saw in him rich opportunities for a model; and though he gave ample evidence that our choice was regarded as a compliment, all the inducements with which we continued to badger him were graciously rejected. At last the real reason was secured by our interpreter from his mother, who had come to his rescue. He thought our stay in Taos was for the purpose of obtaining portraits, for selection at Washington of the best-looking members of the community; and he considered his chances for being summoned entirely too probable for risk. It did not take long to dispel his fears, and, after a little preliminary arrangement of his costume, he backed up against a wall and motioned to us to proceed. About his forehead he wore a red bandana handkerchief, and the hair falling from beneath it hung loosely over his shoulders, with the exception of the back-lock, which was braided and folded into a short, tight queue. The jacket of coarse white cotton cloth was confined at the waist by a leathern girdle, which held with a brass chain a scabbard and a small tobacco-horn. In common



THE SACRED GROVE.



MORNING IN HARVEST TIME (NORTH PUEBLO).

with all bowmen the world over, such as Chaucer typifies in his "Yeoman,"

"Upon his arme he bar a gay bracer."

This was made of solid silver, and full three inches wide, a perfect protection from the bow-string. Below the jacket the ends of a red sash, tied about the waist underneath, were barely visible. The breeches, of the same white stuff, were wide, caught up at the knee, after the manner of zouave trousers. The leggings of fancifully-cut red leather, were wound around the leg and kept in place by scarlet garters, the bottoms widening so as to almost cover the foot. With white tanned doeskin moccasins, a regular succession of red and white was completed, which gave to the whole costume an attractiveness and simplicity lacking in the more pretentious suits of buckskin. This is the distinctive dress of the Pueblo Indians as we find it throughout New Mexico; but the influence of the Northern tribes is apparent in the frequency with which one meets Pueblo Indians arrayed in a garb copied directly from the Apache costume.

Limited space leads us to sum up the Pueblo's character in a few words, and to omit many illustrations which might amplify the hasty enumeration of his more general traits. We found him social in disposition, clever as an artificer, shrewd at a bargain, gentle in his family, controlled by the precepts of the elders; maintaining a system of government curiously complete in all fundamental principles of civil law; a shepherd, caring for immense flocks of goats and sheep; an agriculturalist; and, withal, an Indian, priding himself in the mark; still using the bow, the eagle plumes, the

barbaric fineries of dress; and, though falling upon festal days to the level of the brute in the observances of his heathenish rites, yet seldom committing upon his fellow any act of injustice or cruelty. Recalling the goat-skin which he sold us as a cinnamon bear hide, we smile and forgive him; as well as for the theft of the missing sketch-book—we regard the latter as indicative of a promising tendency toward art. But when we bring to mind his hospitality, his joviality, and picture him as our modern Arcadian free-liver, it is impossible to think of him as other than a good fellow. His quick wit was exhibited on many occasions, but notably in connection with a bargain for a coat and trousers of buckskin attractively displayed over the wearer's fine physique. We were quite willing to wait and receive the purchase from the hands of the man through his window or door, but he too well understood the importance of working with hot iron. A moment's thought, a series of rapid contortions, and the tight-fitting garments were drawn off and thrown at our feet. Before payment could be made, the ludicrous had impressed itself upon the crowd, and hardly had the money been clapped into his mouth than, adroitly snatching a blanket from a bystander, and wrapping himself therein, the youth scampered off, hands over ears, toward the village. A long, lean man, garrulous in witticisms, followed him with banter gobbled out of a turkey-throat. But the annoyance was soon left behind in company with a puff of dust which followed the red bandana and flying locks over the edge of the gulch.

On another occasion one of those small skin-lined saddles, dangling a multiplicity of straps awakened an interest. "Quanto?" (how much). Six fingers are

instinctively presented skyward, with an undecided seventh threatening the perpendicular. Obedient to instructions, we lose all interest immediately, and assume the expression of total indifference. (Exit.)

Tableau II perhaps comes off next day. We notice our friend Lucero has frequent occasion to drag his saddle back and forth before our door. At length we mutually discover each other. We smile, and raise three fingers, which, observing the change of countenance this awakens, is finished off as something between a military gesture and a sidewalk salutation, and the saddle moves on. Before both have gone far there is a sudden decision. Our man stops short, and returns a five-finger salutation, very much as an auctioneer elevates his hammer for a last call. The proposition for compromise is submitted to greater experience within, but meets with no favor.

"He'll stick you yet on your own bargain, and don't you forget it," says our interpreter.

Juan Lucero is softened into approach by the indecision; but the Western man's promptings are obeyed to the full extent of indifference. (Very hasty exit—pressing engagement.)

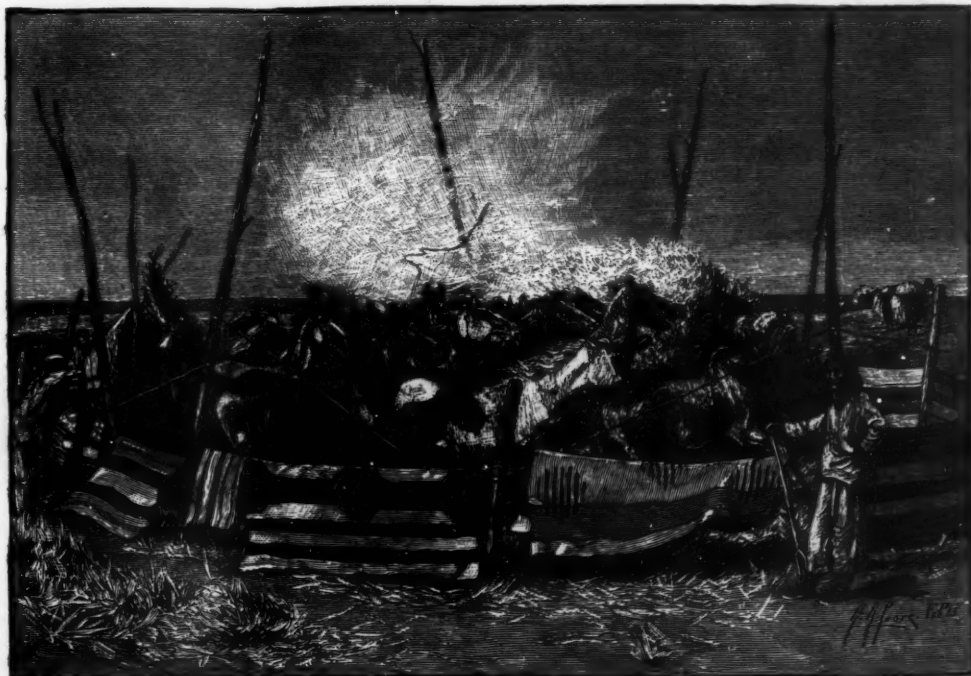
Still the saddle was seen often. We had already taken seats on the morning of departure, with the *impedimenta* adjusted to a fit; but the man and the saddle were on hand. At the right moment he emerged from the shadow of an adobe wall. Three fingers this time, and an evident swallowing of emotions as an accompaniment to the nods affirmative. The whole bespoke the obstinate wrestlings of flesh and spirit over the decision. For want of room, we tied it to the axle, where, for seventy-five miles, it demanded constant watching, as it had a way of inching on to the wheels, and marvelously defying all sorts of knots.

Some time after, while sauntering through the plaza

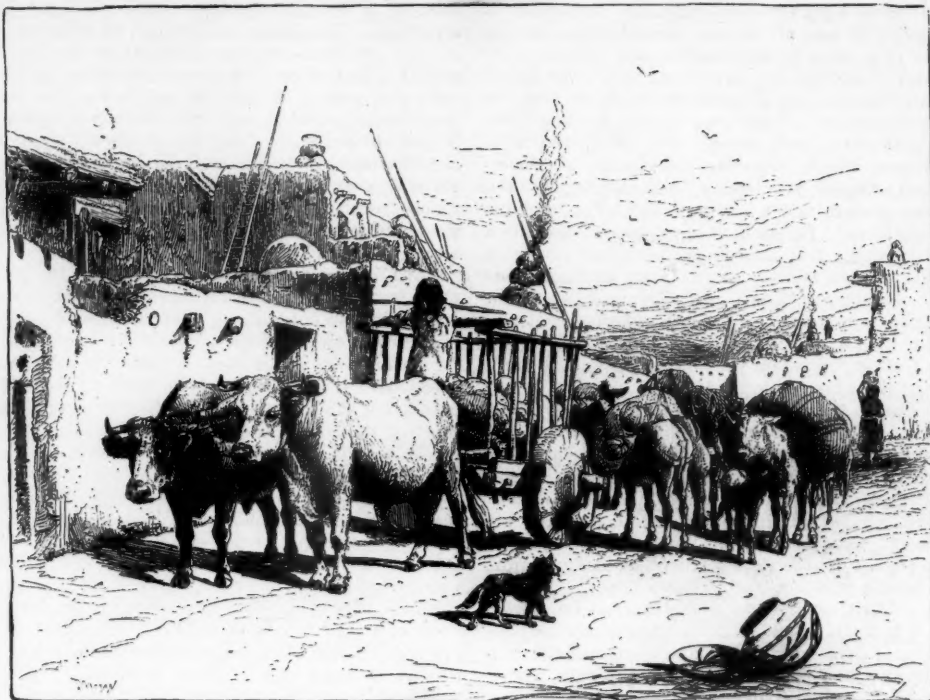
of Santa Fé, the words of the Western man were brought to mind by seeing a quantity of pack-saddles at one dollar apiece. The Indian has learned to know the white man as one who scrupulously maintains two laws at a bargain; first, never to make an offer for an article himself; and second, to take off one-half of the owner's price when he finds it out. In self-defense, therefore, it is said, the children of the desert always open fire at advance rates of one hundred per cent. Having become rid of this in the calculation, the pendulum still has much freedom of oscillation, and may stop approximately near the centre as the honesty or patience of either party may decide.

Thus readily does human nature evolve the germs of those laws which govern the markets of the world. It was curious to note among these untutored red-men a tendency to speculate for a rise or fall in current rates for such articles as are used for barter in mercantile or speculative transactions. Your wide-awake Taos Indian is not at all slow in discounting an advance in the price of tobacco in consequence of private dispatches received by runner from a more northern pueblo, and he has even been known to hypothecate his personal property in order to raise the wherewithal to corner the market when a demand is anticipated for some commodity on the part of pale-faced visitors. The "Wall Street" of Taos Pueblo is, however, more creditable in morals and moderation than is its eastern prototype.

To the left of the North Pueblo stand the picturesque ruins of a church. While engaged on a sketch of these the portly figure of an Indian threw its shadow over the ground in front of us. After a moment's silent inspection, he broke out excitedly, "Americana! hiss! pop!—boom—boom—boom!" and, shaking his finger toward the once comely structure, strode rapidly away. He had given us a bit of history in which, when a boy,



A THRESHING-FLOOR AT TAOS PUEBLO.



A PRODUCE PACK TRAIN.

he had doubtless played a part. In the revolt of '47, when the United States governor was killed by the Taos Indians, then in league with the Mexicans, several batteries of artillery were sent with orders to demolish the pueblo. The fighting, however, concentrated itself about the church, which was captured, and, by discretionary surrender of the chiefs, the town was saved.

But at length falling leaves within the sacred grove

which skirts the village remind us of the early approach of autumn. In the keen air of morning the crier, calling the inhabitants to labor from the housetop, is seen well wrapped in his ample blanket. Chill winds sweep down from the cañon, and clouds of dust whirl along the road. The corn and grain have been carried and stored for the winter, and the low sound of grinding is heard at each door as we pass. The men of Taos are moulding bullets and mending moccasins for the fall hunting, and the harvest-fields, so recently the scene of glad festival, are desolate and bare.

HENRY R. POORE.



THE HONEYMOON.

THE COLONEL.

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

FEW families could be in more desperate straits as to money matters than the Dilloways were, and in few could the facts have been taken with more diversity of opinion. There was Mamma Dilloway, a stately, gray-haired matron, who felt so wronged by circumstance as to be on the edge of a quarrel with the universe. There was Margaret, the beauty, who was in too miserable health to care about money matters, and passed the day on the sofa in languor and indifference. There was Kate, whose situation as a teacher was the mainstay of the house. There were the younger ones, Ethel and Fred and Harry, on whom the world was just beginning to cast a shadow, whose appetites and whose legs grew with every day beyond the bounds of provisions and trousers. And there was Brooks, the proud and suffering eldest son, whose beginnings had all come to naught—who cursed poverty as it had cursed him; and there was Maria, the other daughter, who was not a beauty, but who, nevertheless, had that quality of absorbing and reflecting sunshine which brings sunshine into shadow, and who rather relished the tussle with their wants, and always expected victory.

It seemed to Mamma Dilloway, on the morning that Brooks was summoned to Colorado to take the books of an old friend who had fallen ill, that now the worst had come, and she should never see her son again.

"On the contrary, mamma," said Maria, who was performing a *pas seul*, "the universe, you must think, is not such a very ill-managed affair after all. Perhaps we couldn't do better ourselves. King David was quite right," said she, pausing in her waltz. "The dance is the expression of joy, and just now, I'm sure, of religious joy; for if ever anybody was thankful—"

"Maria!" exclaimed her mother.

"You know, mamma, you're as glad as I—"

"I don't know any such short-sighted thing," said Mrs. Dilloway. "Colorado is a long way off, and mining life is very rough, and mines are very uncertain; and if Brooks falls ill while all alone there with nobody—"

"Just the way Clever Alice reasoned. I'll tell you what, mamma: I'll go with him. Mrs. Byrnes offered me enough for grandma's cashmere shawl to pay my way, and I need an outing, and may find something to do myself!"

And before Mrs. Dilloway fairly knew what had happened, Brooks and Maria were on their westward way, having left the whole family aghast at the vision of loneliness, oppressed with anxiety, and wretched with something like grief. They could scarcely have told you how they dragged on an existence through the first dreary weeks. The weather fitted with their feelings, and nothing broke the monotony of their trouble.

"You'll have to come back, Maria," wrote Kate. "The house is getting so damp with mamma's tears that the walls will mildew presently. Margaret, too, turns her face to the back of the sofa, and the tears roll down, one by one, for dreariness. The gloom has even infected Ethel, whose dolls are always going to funerals. There seems to be nothing to do, nothing to ex-

pect, nowhere to go. My quarter hasn't yet been paid, and we have short commons, I can tell you. The table emphasizes our low spirits three times a day; but mamma will have it set, if there is only potatoes and milk. You were all the life and comfort we had, and now you are gone. But you have had your outing now; and unless you want me to go to an insane asylum, you will have to come home, and leave Brooks to his fate."

The answer to this letter was of a fortnight's later date. "Come home, indeed," said Maria, "when I'm having the first good time in my life! Such a new and strange life, too! Such an atmosphere, and such scenery—a world of pictures. I suppose you think of us in a desert; but can you muster a dozen superb young Sauls, Englishmen and others, every morning with galloping across country, every evening with music and dancing? You know so many English of the first water come over to hunt the buffalo, and some to take up land for ranches. There is a Mr. Cholmondeley, and Captain Arundel and his sister, and Mr. and Mrs. Cecil, and I don't know how many others, first and last—a new one always turning up. So you see the time passes quite differently from time at home, where you so seldom see a marrying man, that when you do, you think he belongs to another species. Oh, and I must not forget the Colonel! Now, what do you think of a real British nobleman, of a family titled since the Conqueror—or is it the Flood? Colonel Sir Guy Temple! Perfectly charming, and rich beyond calculation—tin mines in Cornwall. I think we shall name the mine for him. By the way, didn't Brooks write you that he has a little mine himself? He has given me half of it."

And so the letter ran on, and great cheer it brought into that dull place where it was read.

"The Colonel," said Mrs. Dilloway reflectively, as Maria knew she would. "Colonel Sir Guy Temple. Those old titles think more of themselves than half the ducal houses in the realm, you know. I didn't suppose any one but the Prince of Wales owned tin mines in Cornwall, though. I wonder if Maria's dresses—"

"Oh, they don't need dresses, mamma, in that life—"

"Not need dresses, Margaret!" cried Mrs. Dilloway, holding up her hands.

"I mean, mamma, her riding-dress, that she made from the water-proof, you remember, is as good there as a velvet court-train would be in London."

"Poor Maria isn't really pretty," soliloquized Mrs. Dilloway; "but that's the way things go. What a pity, Margaret, that you couldn't have gone out with Brooks!"

"Oh, Maria's brightness is just as good for her as beauty," said Kate.

"If she only could be comfortably established! That would help all the rest, too. It's too good to hope for, though, in this family."

"Well, perhaps she will be. She certainly has a chance."

And somehow the gray weather was not quite so gray to Mrs. Dilloway and her daughters; it half seemed to

them as if the cloud might be about to lift, and in the vague sense of un conjectured possibilities, Mrs. Dilloway felt rich enough to call in a ragged urchin and make him neat with an outfit of Fred's and Harry's cast-off garments, that had already been patched and darned into another color.

"We are just in from a long gallop," another letter of Maria's ran. "The wind is giving me quite a color. I shall turn out pretty before you know it. There are some folks who seem to think I am already. The air is so clear, you think you are on wings. I wish Margaret were here. I really think it would do her good. It would do her good, too, to have a little of this gay life. It really enlarges and opens your horizon. Mrs. Cecil now has yachted up under the Midnight Sun. When she tells me about it, I feel as if I had, too. She has told me all about the Temple Gardens in Cornwall, Sir Guy's place—you were so interested in my mention of him, that I will tell you—running down to the shore, and quenching all their flaming blossoms in the silver wash of the sea there. A fine old Elizabethan place, the mansion is, she says, ivy-covered, with all its quadrangles and courts and wings and stacked chimneys and stables. On the walls of the long hall every Lady Temple, one after the other, for how many hundred years I can't say, makes room for the next one. Think of hanging up your picture there, to look out on the world long after your eyes are dust in their sockets! There are some haunted diamonds in the family, too. Did you ever hear of such a thing? Along the year of the marriage of the heir they blaze like bonfires, with a white light far eclipsing their real lustre; and just before the death of a Temple they blaze again with a baleful red torchlight, and then are dull and ordinary diamonds, not particularly well cut. Mrs. Cecil hinted to me that they were blazing like comets when Sir Guy sent them to the banker's just before he sailed. Sir Guy is very democratic, and doesn't like titles—almost ready to drop his own, and would if the others would. He told Mrs. Cecil, if ever she met him in America, to call him plain Colonel, and she promised. But she has told me all about him. She used to think he would marry Miss Arundel, her sister. Miss Arundel is very pretty, and blushes like a peach when you speak to her."

"People get intimate so quickly in such places," said Kate.

"A great piece of folly," said Mamma Dilloway at this point of the letter. "To think of dropping his father's title—a title won centuries ago. These democratic notions! As for my opinion, there is something in the stability of the British Government that more than compensates for the differences in caste. And as for those very differences," said Mrs. Dilloway, looking out the window and over the rainy fields, pausing a moment to think of the contrast between such an outlook and that of Sir Guy Temple's gardens, "I will admit that it always was irksome to me to shake hands with the tradespeople."

"Oh, mamma, mamma!" cried Kate. "When you know how glad you would be this minute if Fred had a place with our grocer!"

"I don't know anybody, Kate," said Mrs. Dilloway severely, "who has the faculty you have of obtruding the vulgarity of every day upon the ideal. If the contemplation of the marriage of your sister with a British nobleman affords me pleasure, I don't see why you should interfere with it, especially as we should then go and live with her, and become English people ourselves to all intents and purposes. Lady Temple—Lady Temple—" and then, as she saw the girls laugh-

ing, she broke into a merry laugh herself—the first laugh that had been seen on her face for years, let it be said.

In the week before a fresh letter came the Dilloway family had nearly worn the last to shreds. But at length Mamma Dilloway tore open another, and having learned that Brooks was well, had nearly cleared up the books, and was busy with his interest in the operations out there, ran hastily into its gossip.

"What does she mean about those operations?" she asks, looking back with a second thought.

"Oh, the little mine he happened on, don't you recollect, when he first went out; great piece of good luck, Maria said; doesn't come to one in a thousand. That may make our fortunes yet."

"If we wait for a Colorado mine to make our fortunes"—began Mrs. Dilloway, with majesty.

"We might as well make them ourselves," said Kate. "Come, come, mamma—the news about Colonel Sir Guy Temple?"

"Colonel Sir Guy Temple," said Mrs. Dilloway solemnly, "is engaged to marry your sister Maria."

It seemed to Kate as if a voice had added, "Let us pray." And there was dead silence for a moment or two.

"I feel," said their mother, "that it is too tremendous an event to read about in our usual light way. But it is not the Englishman, it is not the title, it is not the place by the Cornish sea—I would rather, really rather, there were none of that about it all. I would, on the whole, rather give her to one of our own countrymen. In spite of things I may have said, I can see that this may separate us more widely than distance or the sea. I shall find it hard to surrender her; and so will you. All that gives a tinge of sadness to the joy. But it is a comfort, an unspeakable comfort, to think that even one of my children is to be established in ease and safety. I could prefer it were that little mine developed into wealth, that would let her and Brooks have all they wanted, and let us still have them. But it is a great deal to be grateful for, as it is. It doesn't strike her so, though, at all. You will see that she treats it in rather a frivolous way. But that is natural to youth and joy, I suppose." And, in spite of her little speech, Mamma Dilloway's face was wreathed with smiles as she read:

"Well, to come to something really important. You remember, of course, all I have written you from time to time about Colonel Sir Guy Temple, who has served in India, and has the Victoria Cross, and all that? Well, he is going home to England. Perhaps he is tired of buffalo-hunting, perhaps he has brought down better game. At any rate, he will take his wife with him. Mamma, I never was so surprised. But I must wait till I see you. And I don't really feel as if I had told you anything about the Colonel, after all. It would be difficult to say how much I am interested; how enchanting it all is! What a different life I see before me—immense riches, honor, troops of friends—and all as much yours as mine, dear people at home. But I shall see you soon."

Mrs. Dilloway went about treading on air. What matter that the roof leaked, and rain ran down the walls? It was merely a frescoing there. What matter that the milkman dunned a second time, and said he should not ask a third? She hoped he wouldn't. What had seemed unendurable three months ago, she could laugh at now; three months more, six months more, and there would come an end to all these bitter experiences. The fact of Maria's being well married would marry off all the other girls; and even were her husband

parsimonious, what Maria could spare from her pin-money would put them beyond want any more. The sun had come out, the landscape was bathed in beauty, life smiled, all the world seemed propitious—the universe was really better managed than she had thought. Mrs. Dilloway retrimmed her bonnet and went to church with her good spirits, feeling in a thankful mood. It was pleasant to see the neighbors—smiling at one, and bowing to another; it put the neighbors in mind of her, too; and they came to see her that week, and the next, and made it more cheerful than it had been for months. She hinted mysteriously at Maria's good fortune, but was not sure that she ought to commit herself. Good friends, good fortune, and good feeling all gave her a sensation resembling the happiness she used to know; she radiated it on Margaret and the rest till you would never have dreamed it was the tear-sodden family of which Maria and Brooks took leave in the gray of the morning a dozen weeks ago.

"I have been darkly hinting at good fortune," Maria wrote in her last letter.

"I'm sure I don't know what she means by 'darkly hinting,'" said her mother. "It was all plain enough to me."

"Go on, go on, mamma!"

"I have been darkly hinting at good fortune, and see how you read the riddle. Give me Mamma Dilloway for a guesser. The Sphinx would sink into the sands before her. How much interest you have taken in the matter from the first! What do you suppose Sir Guy Temple could have seen in me? Do you imagine he is marrying me for my beauty? How many ideas you have about the wedding! But don't you incline to a quiet one always? Are you going to call me 'My lady,' mamma? and treat me with great respect? Sir Guy Temple, or no Sir Guy Temple—after all, the Colonel has greater charms for me—my dearest, sweetest people at home, I shall always be your Maria."

"Maria will always be frivolous, and a little incoherent," half sighed Mrs. Dilloway, yet with the feeling that a Lady Temple could afford to be frivolous and incoherent—Lady Temple, of Temple Gardens, Cornwall, whose Elizabethan mansion was encircled with flowers and seas; and she saw her daughter dressed out in the haunted diamonds, saw her portrait hanging in the ancient hall: and she washed her cups and saucers that morning with sighs of satisfaction over the divine compensations in this life.

She was rubbing the last plating off the spoons—the real silver had gone long ago to the melter's—with the old bit of chamois cloth, and singing gently to herself, when she looked up at a slamming door, and a vision of splendor that took her breath away—Maria in broad hat and feathers, making her really attractive, with her black hair and blue eyes, and in a dress that was all one sparkle of jet to her mother's bewildered eyes, glistening and dancing like a windy midnight full of stars. And the next moment chamois and spoons were whirling in a cloud of whirling whiting, and Maria was kissing her mother's cheeks and chin and mouth and forehead.

"Oh, you dear, silly little Mamma Dilloway!" cries Maria. "Are you glad to see me? And have you really guessed all this time what has happened?"

"Happened?" cried Mamma Dilloway. "Have you married without waiting to come home?" quite prepared, however, to forgive her if she had. "Where is

your husband, then? Where is Sir Guy Temple? I should like to see him."

"Sir Guy Temple? So should I. I never did."

"You—never—did!"

"No, indeed. Mrs. Cecil knew him. I didn't."

"You—didn't! Then how—then where—are you crazy, Maria? Has your good fortune turned your head? If you never saw Sir Guy Temple, if you don't know him, how in the world are you married to him?"

"I'm not."

"Are you going to marry him?" with ominous calmness.

"I am not going to marry him or anybody else. But I am going to do something much pleasanter. I am going to sit down here the mistress of as much money as I want; and so are you, and so are all the rest of us; money that will make our old place an Eden, and educate the boys as well as all the Sir Guy Temples that were ever born!"

"Maria," said Mrs. Dilloway, in a sepulchral voice that came from the depths to which she had fallen in her new despair, "I can't believe a word you say!"

"Oh, yes, you can, mamma. The Colonel has made us all rich—really rich. The Colonel, you know, is Brooks' mine. I was so interested in it all—it was so enchanting—but I didn't dare at first to tell you very much about him, for fear of disappointment. And when I found from your letters that you were taking my casual mention of Sir Guy Temple with such roseate ideas, I thought I would just lead you along to pass the time till we found out where we were."

"Maria! A child of mine—"

"If we panned out poorly I meant to let you down gently, and you would have been beguiled of some melancholy, you see, any way. If otherwise, you wouldn't need any letting down. And he has, mamma, oh, the Colonel has—"

"Maria, I don't understand you. How am I to believe this if I am not to believe that? You're now giving me to understand that Brooks' little mine has lifted us out of poverty and distress. This morning you gave me to understand you were to marry Sir Guy Temple."

"I never did, mamma. You gave yourself to understand so."

"When you said you were going back to England with Sir Guy Temple as his wife?"

"I never said so, mamma. Mrs. Cecil said he was going to take a wife back with him when he came up from Arizona. I didn't say it was I. And I didn't say it was Miss Arundel, although she did. But Mrs. Cecil is a humbug, and I think she was playing off on me."

"And what did you mean about the wedding?" gasped Mrs. Dilloway.

"Oh, that was something you took for granted, you see. But when I give you Brooks' word for it, in a check signed, sealed and delivered, that he has sold out his interest in the Colonel mine for more than half a million dollars, and has divided it, share and share alike, among us all, you'll believe that? So you thought to see me in the haunted diamonds? I'll tell you what, mamma," tilting back her mother's chin and kissing her thin lips, "no more tears in those eyes, remember! I'll tell you what, I'll haunt Mrs. Byrnes if she doesn't sell me back grandma's cashmere shawl! Sir Guy Temple? For my part—do you remember what Mrs. Prigg said to Mrs. Gamp about Mrs. Harris, mamma? 'I don't believe there's no such a person!'"

BELINDA.

BY RHODA BROUGHTON,

Author of "Good-by, Sweetheart!" "Red as a Rose is She," etc., etc.

PERIOD III.

"Love goes toward love as schoolboys from their books;
But love from love toward school with heavy looks."

CHAPTER I.

THE winter, with its terrible stress and fury, is over and past. People sitting in blooming spring gardens or by widely-opened windows, talk comfortably, with lips no longer chapped, of the great snow storm, and compare notes as to the amount of personal inconvenience and discomfort to which it had exposed them. Anecdotes of the awful night spent in snow-stopped trains have formed the convenient opening for many a dinner talk, the anxiety on the part of each interlocutor to prove that he or she had suffered more than the other leading to intimacy before soup is well over. Of its ferocity and its devil-work few overt traces now remain, except killed laurel bushes and rare thrushes. Out of how many sweet little throats full of music has it pinched the tender life! But over its wrecks the sea rolls; and in the bottomless sea of mothers' hearts its drowned sailors lie buried. And does the analogy between the material and the spiritual world hold good? Does the sea of oblivion smoothly heave, and largely sweep above the soul that went down on that dread night? Does no spar pierce the flood to show where that good ship foundered?

It would be the opinion of outsiders who have not visited Oxbridge—if they had formed an opinion at all upon the subject, and were asked for it—that the inhabitants of that university town dwell in gray and ancient houses, time-colored, and with flavors of old learning still hanging about their mossy roof-trees. In point of fact, their lives are passed for the most part in flippant spick and span villas and villakins, each with its half acre of tennis-ground and double daisies, all so new that scarcely any one has had time to die there, though numerous people have taken leave to be born there, and forming in their *ensemble* an ugly, irrelevant, healthy suburb, that would not disgrace a cotton city of to-day.

It is mid-May, and the hour is one of the afternoon ones; an hour at which luncheon is already forgotten, though tea still smiles not near. Along the shining river, a mile away, eight-oars, four-oars, skiffs are flashing. Scores of happy boys are tearing down the path alongside, keeping company with their boats, exhorting, admonishing, shouting themselves hoarse. But their noise, though strong are their young lungs, does not reach in faintest echoes to the quiet drawing-room, where the as quiet lady sits, head on lily hand, beside the window, staring out at her plot of forget-me-nots and the gold shower of her two laburnum trees.

Warm as the day is, a fire burns on the hearth; a fire whose inconvenient heat Belinda is languidly trying to counteract by the agency of the fan, slowly waving in her unoccupied hand. It is too hot even for Pug, who, shortly panting in her sleep, lies cast on her fat side in a cool corner. Upon Pug's figure, an academic life and the total absence of the thinning emotion of envy, and

of the bad but emaciating passion of jealousy (an absence caused by her being sole dog of the establishment, and having no longer any cause for suffering from Punch's tinselly accomplishments) has begun to tell. She could not well look stouter or less intellectual if she were one of the old Fellows of St. Bridget's.

When last we saw Belinda, she was lying groveling among cinders and fire-irons in a fender. Now she is sitting placid and upright on a window-seat. Is the change that has taken place in her soul's attitude as much to her advantage as that which has effected itself in her body's? Who can tell? She is past the age when a smeared face, puckered lips and bawling cries mean grief; when ruddy cheeks and shouting laughter mean joy. She does not look particularly happy, perhaps, but which of us is conscious of looking specially radiant as he or she sits alone, with no one to summon to the surface of the skin that latent cheerfulness, of which few have enough to spend it on themselves alone? And yet, at this moment, the thoughts passing through her mind are not disagreeable ones; scarcely thoughts, indeed, lazy summer impressions rather, of the pleasantness of the tiny sky-colored meadow that lies, all turquoise, under her eyes, and calls itself her forget-me-not bed; of the round mother-swallow's head, peeping over the nest beneath the eaves. At some further thought or sensation, a slight but definite smile breaks up the severe lines of her young yet melancholy mouth. At the sound of the opening door, however, in one instant it is dead.

"I find you unoccupied!" says her husband, entering and advancing toward her, with that shuffling gait which plainly tells of slippers (she has not been able to break him of carpet slippers).

"If I am unoccupied, it is for the first time to-day!" she answers coldly.

"Since you are at leisure," he pursues—his want of surprise at her frigid tone betraying that it is her habitual one—"I have the less scruple in claiming your services."

"What is it that you want?" she asks, lifting her eyes to his face. It is pleasant to be looked full at by a handsome woman; but if she has, before looking at you, taken care to put as much frost as they can hold into her fine blue eyes, the pleasure is very sensibly lessened. "What do you want? We cannot surely be going to have any more Menander to-day; and I have written all your letters—they lie on your study-table, and I have exactly followed your directions as to each."

"It is precisely upon that subject that I wished to speak to you," rejoins he, glancing at a paper in his hand. "You have by no means succeeded in expressing the exact shade of meaning I wished to convey in this letter to Herr Schweizer, of Göttingen, with regard to the new 'Fragment of Empedocles'; and I am afraid that I must trouble you to re-write it."

"And I am afraid that I must trouble you to excuse me," replies she quietly, but with asperity; "my tale of bricks for to-day is really complete."

There is a moment's silence, during which Belinda

turns her head pointedly away toward the laburnum tree and the emerald grass; but the Professor shows no signs of retreating.

"If I were taking you from any other employment, I might hesitate," he says, with peevish pertinacity; "but since you are wholly unoccupied—"

"I am unoccupied at this particular moment," answers she, with an accent of carefully elaborated patience, which, to the meanest observer would betray the depths of her impatience; "but in five minutes I shall not be unoccupied; in five minutes I set off to the station to meet Sarah, who, as you are aware, is to arrive by the 4.35 train. You do not, I suppose, wish me to take a hansom?" (with a faint sarcastic smile of a very different quality from that little one lately addressed to the swallow and the flowers), "and the day is too warm for it to be possible to walk fast."

At the mention of Miss Churchill, a distinct new crumple of ill-humor has added itself to the already numerous wrinkles of Mr. Forth's face.

"I am unable to see that any obligation to meet the train lies upon you," he says obstinately; "your sister is eminently well able to take care of herself!"

Belinda shrugs her shoulders.

"It is a mere matter of habit, of course," she says in a key of low resentment; "if you have been born in a walk of life in which it is habitual to you to push and elbow for yourself, of course there is no reason why you should not enjoy it; but you must remember that this is not Sarah's case; and, since you decline to extend your hospitality to her maid, she is alone."

At the end of this conciliatory speech she stops, and there is a pause, which the Professor shortly breaks.

"If you think it necessary," he says grudgingly, "I am willing to send a servant to meet your sister; but I must request you to abandon the idea of going yourself, by which means you will be left free to render me the trifling service I require of you."

"You insist upon your pound of flesh, in fact!" cries she rising suddenly; her body trembling, and her great eyes lightening with anger and disappointment. "Well, you are more fortunate than your prototype! You will get it."

To his death-day, the German savaan will never suspect with what hotly raging and rebellious fingers were penned those polite, lucid, and erudite lines upon Empedocles' newly-discovered "Fragment," which he shortly received.

It is long before the Professor can satisfy his own fastidious ear and captious mind as to the fitness of the phrases to be employed. Many a sheet is angrily torn across by Belinda; many a fresh one is sullenly begun before her task is ended—before her "guide, philosopher, and friend" inducing, with her aid—aid given grudgingly and not unasked—his cap and gown, leaves her side to attend a college meeting. Not until the banging of the house-door tells her that he is really gone, does she give herself the indulgence of an enormous sigh.

Throwing herself back in the leathern chair, in which she has been sitting at the writing-table, with weary long arms clasped behind her neck, and dogged eyes staring at the flies on the ceiling—

"God loveth a cheerful giver!" she says aloud. "He is not much like God!" (to a woman, the man that she loves and the man that she hates are equally nameless, equally *he*). "So as he gets his pound of flesh, his tale of bricks, what does he care?"

As she speaks, acrid tears issue from their hidden ducts, and brim her eyes; but she shakes them vehem-

ently away. She will not give to Sarah's penetrating eye the chance of seeing that she has wept.

"I will not be pitied!" she says, rising, and pulling herself together; "she shall not pity me! no one shall!"

She goes away to her own room, changes her gown for a fresher one, dresses her hair more becomingly, and practices looking happy in the glass. Before she has nearly perfected herself in this accomplishment, she is driven from it by the sight and sound of a slow fly, rocking top-heavily under a gigantic dress-basket, which is making for her gate. Sarah is here, and she will not be at the door to welcome her. The thought lends wings to her young heels, and the color and the smile that she has been vainly aiming at, to her cheeks and lips. Five minutes ago she did not think that anything could have caused her such a throb of pleasure as the dear old sound of that jovial high laugh, as the sight of that Dresden china face and of those monstrously irrational shoes are now giving her. When they lived together, they seldom or never kissed each other. Now they cannot hold each other tight enough. Is it only Sarah that Belinda is kissing? Is it not dead youth, dear love, sweet Weinstein, too, that she is so straitly embracing?

Over the souls of both sisters—the sad elder and the radiant younger—the recollection of their last miserable parting on that hideous January morning has poured! For a moment or two neither of them could have uttered a syllable, had you paid them a thousand pounds a word. They are brought back to common life by the sound of very small jingling bells, and by a sensation as of something tightly wound round their legs. It is Punch, who, unmindful of the chain that has bound him all the way down from London, and delighted to be again in the fresh air and among friends, is tearing wildly round, offering eager but unreciprocated greetings to Pug, who, dodging away from him, shrewish and snarling, practically refuses to admit him as an acquaintance at all.

"Why, Punch!" says Belinda, with a rather unsteady laugh, dropping on her knees, taking the excited little dog under the arms, and looking kindly in his Ethiop face; "you here? and who invited you, pray?"

"I am afraid that nobody invited him," replies Sarah demurely; "but he was so sure that it was an oversight, and he says Jane is no companion, and he sent so many messages to Pug, that I thought it was the simplest plan to bring him; do you mind?" with the old wheedling in her voice and her saucy eyes.

"Do I mind?" repeats Belinda, with a reproachful yet apprehensive stress upon the pronoun, passing her lips lightly over the top of his tawny head. "Punch, is it likely I should mind?"

"Will he mind?" inquires Sarah, speaking very low, and mouthing a good deal, as though laboring under a misgiving that the person of whom she speaks is in hiding behind the door.

"He is not fond of dogs," answers Belinda evasively, her face suddenly darkening, as if a light had been blown out in it. "Pug exists only on sufferance, do you not, Pug?"

"Whew—w!" says Sarah, pulling a long face, and with a low whistle; "and shall I, too, exist only on sufferance, pray?"

Belinda is saved from the necessity of answering a question, her reply to which must have been either an incivility or a lie, by the fact that they have now entered the house, and that her sister's roving eyes and attention are claimed by other objects. Preceded by the dogs, Pug churlishly growling and Punch animatedly sniffing, they reach the drawing-room.

"Not such a bad room!" says Sarah patronizingly, looking round; "better than I expected; only it wants pulling about."

"Mr. Forth does not like rooms pulled about."

The other breaks into a laugh.

"Mr. Forth! Is it possible that after six months he is still Mr. Forth?"

"What else should he be?" says Belinda, with stiff embarrassment. "He has not yet been raised to the peerage—he is not 'Lord Forth!'"

"I shall call him 'James!'" says Sarah firmly; "I am sure he will wish me to call him 'James!'"

Mr. Forth's wife laughs grimly.

"It will at least have the charm of novelty for him."

There is such a bitter dryness in the quasi-playfulness of her tone that Sarah stops suddenly short in her critical survey of the early English chairs, and the Albert Dürer etchings, in which Oxbridge drawing-rooms delight; and, focussing her elder with her two insistent eyes, says, taking her the while firmly by both wrists:

"Come, now; we are alone; tell me, how does it work? has it answered?"

But Belinda shakes off the small strong hands as Samson shook off the tough withes.

"You must see the rest of the house," she cries, beginning to talk rapidly and rather loudly, and absolutely ignoring the question addressed to her; "you must see my room; your own room—yours looks upon the tennis-ground; have you brought your racquet and your shoes? we must have some tennis!"

Sarah does not press the subject so obviously avoided, but as she follows her sister up stairs she repeatedly shakes her head.

"This is my room," says Belinda, as they reach the landing, throwing open doors as she speaks. "This is—his" (with a slight hesitation before the pronoun, that shows that only the dread of a repetition of her sister's ridicule has kept her from designating her husband by the formal style and title which she habitually employs toward him); "and this" (not opening, but simply indicating a third door) "this is old Mrs. Forth's."

"Oh, do take me in! do introduce me!" cries Sarah eagerly. "It has been the dream of my life to see his mother! You will not mind my saying so, but there is something so humorous in his having a mother."

"It would be no use," replies Belinda, not offering to comply with this request; "she would probably mistake you for her son."

"Well, we have a look of each other," cries Sarah delightedly; "but is she as bad as that?" arching her eyebrows till they almost meet, and are lost in her hair.

Belinda nods in acquiescence.

"And does she *never* stop asking questions?"

"Never."

"And do you always answer them?"

"Poor old woman! why not? if I were not answering hers I should only be answering some one else's."

There is such a weary, devil-may-careishness in her tone, that again her sister's eyes flash investigatively upon her; but this time Belinda has been too quick for her, and, avoiding their scrutiny, is doing the honors of a fourth room.

"And this is yours," she says, a smile such as the one with which she had welcomed her sister sweetening and gentling the now habitual sullenness of her face; "it smells good, does it not?"

"Why, you have given me all your flowers!" cries Sarah, burying her face in a bowl of freshly-picked nar-

cissus. "I noticed that there was scarcely one in the drawing-room."

"Mr. Forth dislikes the smell of flowers," replies Belinda. She says it in a tame level voice; not as making a complaint, but simply as stating a fact.

"He seems to have a good many dislikes," says Sarah dryly.

Belinda lets the remark fall upon silence.

CHAPTER II.

DINNER has been early, and is over. The sisters stand, each cooling a fiery cheek against the woodwork of the drawing-room window, while the latest black-bird is singing his version of "Glory to Thee, my God, this night," and the laburnum's lithe bunches hang yellow against almost as yellow a sunset.

"Does he *never* open a window?" asks Sarah, greedily thrusting out her head into the cool greenness of the very respectably grown clematis and jessamine that climb the house wall.

"*Never!*"

"Then I should make a point of falling off my chair in a faint regularly every day at dinner until he did."

"You would fall off your chair in a faint every day until the Day of Judgment in that case," replies Belinda, with stony quiet.

"But for the stewpan atmosphere," continues Sarah, heaving her white chest in a deep and vigorous inhalation, "it really did not go off so badly; at first there seemed a trifling awkwardness—I think, Punchy, that you would have done as well on the whole to remain at your town house—but my fine tact soon smoothed it over."

"You did not call him 'James,' however," replies Belinda, with a short sarcastic laugh.

"Well, no," replies Sarah a little blankly, and for once in her life making no attempt at repartee or explanation. "I did not." But the next moment—"How soon do we go?" cries she joyously. "St. Ursula's is the largest college in Oxbridge, is it not? Will all Oxbridge be there to meet the Duke? But I suppose you are all much above setting any store by royalties! It is only the empire of the mind," pompously, "to which you attach any value!"

"Is it?" replies Belinda expressively.

"Now I am the common British flunkey," continues Sarah confidentially; "and so used you to be! I *love* royalties; there is nothing too small for me to hear about them. I should be thoroughly interested to learn how many pairs of stockings the Queen has, and whether she takes sugar in her tea."

Belinda laughs.

"*Everybody* will be there then?" resumes Sarah in a voice of the extremest exhilaration, "and you will introduce me to *everybody*. What will they think of me? Will they expect me to say anything clever? Will they like me?"

"H—n!" replies Belinda dubiously, scanning affectionately from head to foot the seductive but not altogether academic figure before her; "I doubt it!"

"After all, they must be human," says Sarah philosophically; "when one has pierced the thick crust of their erudition—"

"Perhaps in some cases not so very thick," interposes Belinda ironically.

"One will find a human heart beating beneath—a heart that may be punctured by my little darts, eh?"

"Possibly!" in a by no means confident tone.

"I shall devote myself chiefly to the undergraduates,

I think," says Sarah thoughtfully. "Do you know many? do you see much of them?"

Belinda shrugs her handsome shoulders indifferently.

"Poor boys! they come to call; but they are too much afraid of me to open their lips. I have lost none of my power of inspiring terror," she adds with a bitter smile. "It is the one of my gifts that I keep in its entirety."

"We will change all that," says Sarah piously; "the reign of fear is over; that of love is begun!"

Belinda has moved to the middle of the room, and is occupied in pulling down the central gas-jet, and lowering the gas, harshly glaring under its globes. Her pose, wreathed head thrown back, and long bare arm roundly lifted, brings into evidence the finest curves of her noble figure.

"And do not they admire you either, *par hasard*?" asks Sarah, in a voice of affectionate incredulity.

Belinda shakes her head.

"If they do, they disguise it admirably. Stay!" with a gesture of recollection; "now I come to think of it, I believe that one young person of an esthetic tendency was once heard to observe that I was 'great and still;' but that is the only civil speech I have reaped in six months, and even that one is perhaps a little ambiguous."

"Great and still!" repeats Sarah, giggling; "well, at all events they shall not say that of me!"

She is still chuckling, when the opening door admits her brother-in-law. At once her chuckle has an inclination to die, but she bravely resists it.

"I appeal to you," she says, going boldly up to him. "Belinda has been taking away your town's character; she says that she is not at all admired here, and that neither shall I be; is it true? is it possible?"

It is certainly well to be on easy terms with your brother-in-law; but in a case so exceptional as that of Miss Churchill, it is perhaps hardly wise to address him with an alluring archness that may remind him of former disasters. At all events, in the present case it is not successful.

"I am afraid that I must ask you to excuse me," he says sourly, turning on his heel. "I must refer you to some one better qualified to give an opinion on such a point. Belinda, I must request your assistance with my gown."

There is something in his tone so unequivocally unplayful, that Sarah slinks away snubbed, and for the moment robbed of all her little airs and graces; and Belinda rises with rebellious slowness, flame in her eye and revolt in her nether lip, to render the grudging aid demanded of her. As her reluctant hand holds the gown for her husband to put on, they both find themselves unintentionally standing plump and full before a rather large mirror, inevitably facing their own figures, thus brought into sudden juxtaposition.

Belinda is in gala dress. In honor of the Duke, and for the first time since her marriage, Oxbridge is to see her neck and shoulders. Upon their smooth sea of cream, unbroken by any trifling necklet—a sea that flows unrippled over the small collar-bones—the gas-lamps throw satin reflects; a little chaplet of seasonable cowslips clasps her well-set head, and wrath has borrowed love's red pennon and planted it in her cheeks. She looks a magnificent embodiment of youth and vigor, dwarfing into yet meaner insignificance the parched figure beside her.

Mrs. Forth casts one pregnant look at the two reflections, and then hearing, or feigning to hear, a sound of suppressed mirth behind her, she says, in a clear, incisive voice:

"What are you laughing at, Sarah? Are you ad-

miring us? Are you thinking what a nice looking pair we are?"

She lays a slight but cruel accent on the noun. *Pair*, indeed! From Fate's strangely jumbled bag were never two such odd ones sorted out before. The Professor has turned sharply away, but not before his wife has had the satisfaction of seeing that her shot has told; but Sarah maintains a scared silence. The fly is late in arriving. Probably it has had many freights to take up and put down on this festal night before the Forths' turn comes. At length, however, and just as Sarah is beginning wistfully to interrogate her Louis Quinze shoes as to their powers of reaching St. Ursula and H. R. H. on foot, it drives up, and they all get in. Possibly Belinda, though she makes no approaches towards a verbal *amende*, may be remorseful for her spurt of malevolence. At all events, she offers no objection to the raising of the window on her side; nor does she, even by a pardonable gasp or two, or an obtruded fanning, resent the insult to the summer night.

The lateness of their fly has retarded them so much, that instead of being first at the rendezvous, as is the Professor's usual habit, they see, on reaching St. Ursula's, the great quadrangle that the proudest churchman built filled with every carriage and bath-chair that Oxbridge's modest mews can boast; filled, too, with capped men and hooded women, hurrying to the goal. They have trodden the low-stepped stone stairs, along whose side lie unwonted banks of green moss that smells of cool, woodland places, planted with young field flowers; have passed the one slender shaft that, upspringing, bears the vaulted roof, and its loveliest stone fans; and have entered the lordly hall, where Elizabeth Tudor once saw Masks, and where one of the sons of her latest successor is listening with a courteous patience, probably superior to hers, to such improvements upon the barbarous Mask and obsolete Allegory as the nineteenth century, rich in the spoils of its eighteen grandfathers, can afford him. In the present instance, the substitute offered is a tale told, not by an idiot, but by an excessively hot young man, striking occasionally sensational chords on the piano, at which he is seated upon the raised dais, where the "Fellows'" table is wont to stand—a monstrously long tale about a signalman, who, while busied in working his points, sees his infant, through some glaring domestic mismanagement, staggering across the metals at the precise moment when an express train is due. The struggle between his emotions as a parent and as a pointsman is so mercilessly protracted, that the audience, unable to bear the prolonged strain upon their feelings, are relieving themselves by a good deal of *sotto voce*, or not quite *sotto voce* conversation. But the Prince sits immovably polite, not permitting himself even one aside to his *semblante* hostess, who, all loyal smiles, is posed in glory on a chair in the front rank beside him.

Large as is the assemblage, so nobly proportioned is the great room, that there is no crowd. Every woman has put on her best gown; and every woman has the satisfaction of thinking that every other woman has seen, is seeing, or will fully see it; not, indeed, to do them justice, that this is a consideration much likely to engage the attention of the Oxbridge ladies. Thanks to the height of the carved oak roof, whither the vapors can ascend, below it is cool and fragrant. With the one emphatic exception of the detailer of the signalman's perplexities scarce one of the living guests has a more heated air than the brave line of judges, bishops, philosophers, premiers—St. Ursula's dead glories—looking down in painted tranquillity from the walls.

"You must introduce me to everybody, and tell me who they are, and what they have done, so that I may say something suitable," says Sarah, in a flutter of pleasure, looking beamingly round on the, to her, eccentric throng of black-gowned M. A.'s, with their flat college caps tucked under their arms; of velvet-sleeved proctors, etc.

"For heaven's sake, do not try!" says Belinda, in serious dissuasion, "or you will be sure to make a mess of it!"

Sarah shrugs her white shoulders. She is so clamorous to be presented to every one, that Belinda, after patiently pointing out to her, and where feasible, making her personally acquainted with the owners of many of the local, all the half-dozen national, and the one or two European reputations that grace the room, at length strikes work.

"You are insatiable!" she says. "You are as bad as Miss Watson!"

"Unberufen!" cries Sarah, with a shudder that is not all affectation, "do not mention that accursed name; I could have sworn that I heard her voice just now!"

The room is fuller than it was. About the door, indeed, and the lower part of the hall, circulation is still easy; but who would be content with elbow-room at a lower end, when the sight of a genuine live English royal Duke—no dubious serene German—is to be fought for at the upper.

"And you say that we are not loyal!" says Belinda, with that irony now so frequently assumed by her, as they, too, push and jostle their forward way. They have to push and jostle for themselves.

Immediately upon their entry, their natural pusher and jostler, the Professor, has quitted them for associates more akin in age and conformable in tastes than the two handsome girls assigned by a sarcastic Providence to his jurisdiction. As they so work slowly forward, gaining a step a minute, they are conscious of a disturbed heaving of the wave of humanity behind them—as when the ocean is plowed by some puissant steamer or monstrous shark. At the same instant a familiar voice, whose accents Sarah had already but too truly caught, breaks in brazen certainty upon their ears:

"I am sure I beg a thousand pardons! but in a crush of this kind it is quite unavoidable. I really must beg you to make way for me! I am naturally anxious to get to the top of the room, having a personal acquaintance with the Duke, or what really amounts to the same thing."

The loud voice grows nearer, the wave-like swell heavier. She is close behind them now.

Belinda has turned white and sick. That dreadful voice! Even here, on this hot May night, in the thick festal crowd, of what power is it to re-create for her that miserable fog-stained Christmas morning, on which, in her madness, she had allowed a few senseless words uttered by that brutal voice to seal her doom for her.

"Speak to her!" she says, in a choked whisper to her sister. "I cannot."

"Hold your head down!" rejoins the other, hastily putting into practice her own precept, and burying her nose in the lilies of the valley on her breast; "perhaps she will not see us!"

But when did Miss Watson ever fail to see any one?

One final oaring of her powerful arm has brought her alongside of them.

"Belinda! Sarah!" she cries loudly, seeing that her mere presence, although sufficiently obvious, has apparently failed to attract their attention; "do you not

know me? Emily Watson? Dresden? Has anything been going on? have I lost much?—I could not possibly get here before—quite a sudden thought my coming at all: I heard that the Sampsons were coming down to see their boy, who is at King's; so it struck me I would join them and come, too. I took them quite by surprise—met them at the station. 'Why not see Oxbridge all together?' I said; 'halve the expense, and double the pleasure!'"

She pauses out of breath, and looks eagerly onward toward the spot where, beyond his mother's struggling lieges, the Prince sits, cool and civil, with his suite on their row of chairs.

"I was so afraid that the Prince might be gone," pursues she volubly; "the royalties sometimes go so early, you know. Have you been presented to him? Do you know him? well, enough to present me? No? Well, then I must re-introduce myself: I have no doubt that a word will suffice to recall me to H. R. H.'s recollection. Royal memories are proverbially good, you know. I must get hold of his equerry; I know him quite well—once crossed over in the same steamer from New-haven to Dieppe with him."

The last few words are thrown back over her shoulder, as she has already resumed her vigorous fight onward.

With fascinated eyes they watch her athlete's progress to the front. The human billows part before her. The crowd lies behind her. She has reached smooth water and the Prince.

The signalman's troubles are by this time drawing to their close. His rosy babe has been found lying smiling on the line; the express train having, contrary to its usual habit, passed over the pretty innocent without inflicting a scratch. Most people draw a long breath; but whether at the babe's immunity or their own, who shall decide?

"She is making him shake hands with her!" says Sarah, in a shocked voice, standing on tiptoe, and stretching her neck.

It is too true. In defiance of etiquette, and despite the horrified look of the hostess, Miss Watson is warmly grasping her Duke's hand. Against the background of wall and chairs her figure stands out plainly silhouetted—fringe, garish evening-dress, and hot red neck! To their ears come even fragments of her resonant speech: "Your equerry, sir!" "Newhaven!" "Sea-sick!"

"I should like to sit down," says Belinda, in a spent voice.

This is easier said than done. By slow degrees, however, they succeed in edging out of the crowd; and are lucky enough to find an unoccupied sofa, upon which Belinda seats herself; and whither, presently, various of her acquaintance come and exchange remarks with her upon the success of the entertainment, the excellence of the supper, the affability of the Prince, etc.

In one of the intervals between two of these fragments of conversation she perceives that her charge has left her side; but it requires no very distant excursion of the eye to discover her standing at the supper-table, an ice in her hand, having, by the agency of one of her just-made acquaintance, effected an introduction to a good-looking undergraduate, who in return is presenting to her a second, who in his turn will obviously present to her a third and a fourth.

A little mob of young men is beginning to gather round her. A moment more, and her ice finished, followed by her *cortège*, Sarah returns to her sister, winking so deftly as to be invisible to the outer world as she comes.

"Belinda," she says, "I want to introduce to you

Mr. Bellairs, who tells me that he plays tennis remarkably well" (an indistinct disclaimer from the blushing Bellairs); "and Mr. Stanley, who plays very nicely too; and Mr. De Lisle, who thinks he would play very nicely if he had a little more practice."

Belinda laughs slightly, amused at the glibness with which her sister has already mastered her new admirers' names.

She has risen to her feet again—Professor Forth's wife—the stern-faced beauty whom in their walks and talks the boys have often with distant awe admired.

"I am sure," she says, with a sweet cold smile, "that if you care to try our small ground, I shall be very—"

She is a tall woman, and her eyes are on a level with Bellairs'. She can, therefore, easily look over his shoulder. What sight is it so seen that makes her stop suddenly in mid-speech, with a catch in her breath?

The pause is but short. Almost before her auditors have had time to notice the hiatus, it is filled up.

"I shall be very happy to see you any day you choose to come—to-morrow, any day!"

Her words are perfectly collected; but surely she is far, far paler than she was when she began to speak; and though her sentences are addressed to the young men, her eyes are wandering oddly beyond them.

"Upon my soul, I believe the woman is off her head!" Stanley says confidentially to Bellairs, as they walk home together in the moonlight; "did you notice her eyes when she was talking to us? they made me feel quite jumpy!"

"Off her head!" growls Bellairs, who finds it not impossible to combine a poignant interest in Sarah with a servile moth-and-candle-like homage to the elder and severer beauty; "so would you be, if you were married to an old mummy!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

EBONY: A SOUTHERN SKETCH.

BY CLARA G. STEELE.

I LIKE to think of the time when I first met him, so I shall write down all the circumstances and events surrounding that afternoon, for my friendship for the subject of this sketch is really a part of my life's history; more so, indeed, than my acquaintance with some of the distinguished and important personages of earth, many of whom have long since faded from my memory, while my regard for "Ebony" will ever stand out prominent among life's memories, never to be obliterated by change. A strange friendship this, one would naturally think, between a young girl of seventeen and a poor black dwarf slave, whom circumstances, and what the world would call "chance," had thrown together! And yet, strange as it seems, the mutual attachment waxed stronger and stronger through many days and months, ending only when He who knows distinctions neither of race or color stooped down in pitying love and took into the realms of eternal light His creature, who for many years had been eagerly searching for the light of the truth here below.

It was a lovely, cool, bright day in which I had chosen to leave my home for a temporary residence in the pine lands, not many miles distant from the sea-beaten coast of South Carolina. The conveyance, an open buggy, drawn by a pair of fine bays, gave my companion and me a fair opportunity to enjoy fully the combined charms of earth and sky. Summer, with its long, languid days and its fervid heat, was past and gone, and October, with a lavish hand, had already robed the forests in gorgeous raiments of orange, crimson and brown, in all their varying shades. Here and there a maple leaf of richest hues fluttered through the air and fell at our feet. In the woods the ripe nuts were dropping, and saucy little squirrels whisked their lithe forms from tree to tree, busily garnering their winter provender. Our drive for the greater part of the journey was along a firm, high road, with deep trenches on either side, shaded by giant trees of maple and live-oak. While nearing, as we hoped, the end of our journey, we came suddenly, by the turn of the road, to a large expanse of water, which the neighboring residents called

a lake. On the unruffled bosom of this beautiful sheet of blue water, snowy lilies, surrounded by their broad leaves of glossiest green, were floating. The lake was too deep to be crossed, save over the rustic bridge that spanned it, and we reached the bridge just at the dying that sweet autumn day. But how shall I describe the glory of that never-to-be-forgotten sunset? It comes like some beautiful vision of the long ago, to be seen but once, yet evermore to be remembered. As the eye glanced across the lake, taking in the broad green meadow-lands beyond, low in the far-off west there hung a great golden ball, surrounded by masses of gorgeous crimson, purple, and amber-hued clouds, piled one upon another, which, as they stretched away toward the lake borders, seemed to melt into colors of loveliest rose. The deep purple, shaded into tender violet, and tints of delicate green, floated here and there, dissolving, as we gazed, into soft, creamy hues; and all this beauty was reflected in the mirror-like surface of the lake beneath.

A motion of my hand caused my companion to rein up his horses, and midway the bridge we stopped to drink in with every sense and with emotions of keenest pleasure the exquisite treat which nature had so unexpectedly given us. Lower and lower sank the sun, deeper and deeper grew the shadows; soon twilight's misty veil came down upon us. The grand panorama had vanished, and, with a sigh of mingled enjoyment and regret, we went on our way once more. We had traveled only a short distance from the lake when there came to my ears the sound of a deep, melodious voice, singing in a style very familiar to me, the words of a hymn which I had often heard in the island homes around Charleston. With great fervor the singer sang:

"Dis ole ship er Zion, hit's ter tek us all home!

O! glory, halleyloo-ye!

Hit's lan'ed many er tounsan',

And hit'll lan' er many mo';

O! glory, hally-loo!"

But there was one thing which puzzled me. As we drew nearer to the singer the voice seemed to come

from the ground beneath us; indeed, even at our feet. Then suddenly, in answer to my lowly-spoken query, "Who is it? Where is he?" there peered up from a deep ditch by the roadside a human face, black, but very bright, the large ivory teeth glistening in the twilight, the expression of his whole face decidedly agreeable. Jumping out of the ditch with wonderful agility, and doffing his old straw hat with the politeness I afterward found was innate, he exclaimed in a cheery voice: "Good eben, massa! Good eben, missis! How you both does to-night?"

My companion, I think, responded for both, as I was wholly taken up in regarding this strange creature with a mixed feeling of curiosity and pity. He was but three and a half feet in height, but the head and shoulders were large enough in their proportions for a man of six feet. One hand and arm rested on the spade with which he had been digging when we interrupted him. The other, bare, huge and brawny, as it hung at his side, was nearly the length of his body from his shoulder to his ankle. His face, though so black, was to me at first sight singularly prepossessing; the nose long and straight, the lips not too thick, and well shaped. His clothes, scarce deserving the name (for they were a mass of rags), helped to show his great deformity, for he was a hunchback; and, although agile, was very lame in one hip, which gave him a peculiar gait, quite perceptible as he hastened to the other side of the buggy to pick up the whip my companion had dropped. Just then my attention was called to a beautiful star which had appeared in the heavens, and our remarks upon it caused the dwarf to exclaim:

"God has gib us a mighty pooty wurl, missy! Sometimes I sleeps out all night under the stahs—hit kinder makes me feel nearer to God, hit does."

After a few more words with our strange and new acquaintance, we bade him "good night," and in a short time found ourselves nearing the place of our destination. The host and hostess came down the steps of their beautiful mansion, and welcomed us with warm cordiality to their typical Southern home. The house stood in the midst of a large and beautiful flower garden, odoriferous with a thousand subtle scents. The grand magnolia spread its evergreen leaves on either side of the dwelling, while the deep-hued roses and heliotropes vied with the sweet scent of geraniums of every species to charm our senses, and a fountain sent up its spray of tangled silver, quite visible from the brilliantly illuminated windows of the large white mansion before us. Within all was elegance and ease, and a delightful supper awaited us. But I could not detach my thoughts from our queer acquaintance by the roadside, and before I retired for the night I had learned something of him. He was one of the two hundred slaves owned by my kind host, Mr. Harleston; but, upon further inquiry in regard to him, I plainly saw that my interest in the black dwarf was not reciprocated, and the surprise of the family at my repeated reference to him was very evident.

The eldest daughter, Elise, a handsome girl, just returned from a fashionable boarding-school, said with a haughty curve of her rosebud mouth: "I should think he would have frightened you to death, the horrid creature! I never look at him if I can avoid it."

But the youngest daughter, Madge, a bright, hazel-eyed little sprite, exclaimed, "Oh, I can tell you all about Eb. He's my best friend, except Aunt Chaney, my dear old nurse. I don't think he's horrid one bit! Why, Miss Lucia, he catches fish for me, and he's always so good and kind; and he knows so many beau-

tiful stories 'bout Brer' Rabbit, and Brer' Fox, and Miss 'Skeeterhawk, and Parson Owl, and he gets lilies for my tub from the pond, and—"

"Why, daughter," said the indolent but gentle mother, "when did you find opportunity to be so much in Ebony's company? for you know we have forbidden you to go to the quarters except when Aunt Chaney is sick."

"Yes, mamma, I know; but that's just where I first knew dear old Eb. Aunt Chaney just loves him, because he's good and religious, and always so kind to her, and to all the darkeys, too. Then, when you and papa were in Charleston, Eb was working in the flower-garden, and he told me the names of the plants, and fixed me a little flower-bed all for myself. Why, Miss Lucia, he's just splendid!" And the sweet child, who had talked herself out of breath, drew a long sigh.

"Hurrah for you, little daughter!" said her father, whose special pet she was, as I afterward found. "I did not know my pet—"

Here Elise interrupted with a disdainful look, as she arose from her chair at the table: "Really, Miss Madge, I must say that you display a charming taste in the selection of your friends."

Mr. Harleston, with his good-natured laugh, exclaimed: "Come, now! let Madge alone. Ebony's companionship will never harm her. He's a clever, good fellow, and I really believe an honest one—a *rara avis*, Miss Lucia, on so large a plantation; for some years I cannot raise bacon enough to feed my slaves. The roasting-pigs vanish by the dozen; and as to chickens—frying size—well, you know that's one thing no darkey can resist—unless it were Eb. He seems to have a number of his own raising; he is so thrifty."

But I had not been many days in my new home ere I obtained all the information I wished concerning Ebony. He was his mother's only child, and deformed from his birth. A Northern gentleman, visiting Mr. Harleston at one time, chanced to see the little dwarf in his mother's arms, and being impressed by the almost perfectly black hue of the infant, said derisively to his host: "I did not know before that you grew ebony in this form down South." It was a new word to the mother, and must have pleased her, for ever after the child bore the name of Ebony, abbreviated to the diminutive "Eb."

So much of his history was supplemented by Aunt Chaney, the former nurse in the family. His mother dying while he was yet a boy, he had dwelt for many years under Aunt Chaney's roof as one of her own family.

"He allus wuz a berry good boy," the old nurse said; "a 'ligious boy, too—'tend ter his own business, and neber gib me one word of sass, do' I raise him myseff," she added, which was doubtless an exceptional instance in the old soul's experience, for she had "raised," as she termed it—her plump face beaming with satisfaction and shining with blackness and good-nature—"lots er 'em, w'ite and cullud."

Ebony was very modest, shrinking even from his own race, who no doubt often wounded the sensitive soul with allusions to his deformity. I always from the first gave a pleasant greeting and a few kind words to the poor fellow, whom I often met in the garden while he worked among the flowers, and also in our daily rambles or drives around the neighborhood. In a short while he showed, though very shyly, a corresponding interest in the young "town missy," as he always termed me. Presents of wild game which he had trapped, bouquets of exquisite wild flowers, were often sent me, as silent

offerings expressive of his admiration; and, as I always contrived to thank him in person for them, we gradually became good friends.

One afternoon, as I sat reading on a small balcony that opened out of my room, with side steps leading to the yard, Ebony appeared, and earnestly, though very humbly, asked if I could spare the time to "larn him jest a leetle ebry day; den mebbe I can read God's Word, missy, all for myseff arter 'while." I told him, if his master consented, he might come to my balcony during the one hour given to the slaves as intermission at the midday dinner-horn.

He appeared with a joyful countenance on the next day, cleanly dressed, with his well-thumbed "Webster" in his hand, and unbounded was his gratitude to the "young town missy" who was so "berry good." I believe that I have never seen a human being who so thirsted after knowledge—above all, knowledge divine. His bright black eyes would sparkle, his ivories fully displayed whenever a new idea was gained or a simple sentence read without aid. His heart's great desire, as he at first told me, was that he might learn to read "God's Holy Word" for himself—it was thus that he ever termed the Scriptures; and great was his delight when one day he found that he could read a short chapter in the New Testament.

Never losing an opportunity to "tend preachin'," some words quoted by one of the ministers who occasionally addressed the colored congregations in this vicinity, seemed to have taken strong hold upon his heart and mind. It was a verse from the Gospel of St. John, and I think that he asked me in his most serious tones at least once a week for a long time afterward:

"Hit's raly put down dere, missy, sho' an' true! 'Him w'at comest unto Me shall in no wise be cas' out.' Sho' an' true, missy!"

Then, to make assurance doubly sure, I would take the large-printed copy of the New Testament which I had given him, and, turning to the verse, point out each word with my pencil, the poor fellow painfully trying to follow me. Many times the great tears gathered involuntarily in his eyes, and he would exclaim:

"Now, ain't dat de mos' preshus ob all, sho'?" and over and over the words, so full of comfort to his lonely heart, were repeated softly under his breath, as though he were trying to realize the truth in all its fullness.

All untutored as the poor fellow had been, it surprised me to see the unconscious gleams of poetry in his nature; the evident reaching forward of the soul for something higher and greater than he had hitherto known. Music was with him a passion; but who that has had opportunity to observe the characteristics of this most peculiar race, can have failed to perceive this rare gift, this divine faculty, which they all possess, with perhaps a few exceptions, to a wondrous degree? The picaninny, rolling in the sand before the cabin door, imitates with accuracy the words and tune of the hymns and songs he has heard from the white children at the great house. The housemaid, as she plies her daily avocation, trills out in sweetest, clearest notes, the most difficult airs from the opera of "Martha" or "Il Trovatore" with wondrous skill as to time and expression—her knowledge gained oftentimes in a few days from the parlor practice of her young mistresses; the plowman, as he guides his weary oxen home through the roseate sunset, keeping time with his iron traces to the exquisite melody of some hymn of the olden time, which, from its tender beauty, has long since found an echo in the universal heart; the boatman, returning at night-

fall, sends far over the blue waters the soul-stirring strains of "The Angelus," learned how and when we know not: but in all their weird and charming music we know there appears a perfect rhythmical measure, a harmony so wonderfully true, that we can only refer it to some law of Nature, clearly felt, yet to us inexplicable.

Often, while sitting on the broad piazza in the cool of evening, have I listened with intense enjoyment to the harvest songs which came from the fields near by, where a band of workers were finishing their day's task. Just here, who can but ask the question—What is, and what has been, the great Infinite purpose in the subtle, intricate workings (for thus it appears to human vision) in removing the African from his native forest depths and placing him in contact with civilized white races, first as slave and then as freedman? He who can foretell the final destiny of this singular race will prove himself equal to a mighty prophet, and manifest the wisdom of a true statesman.

How the notes rose and fell with a pathetic vibrance from these dusky children of toil! And in a clearer, higher key from the others I could always recognize Ebony's voice. He sang constantly, and as if with his whole heart. His tones were soft and melodious while working among the flowers, or performing his other duties near "the great house," as the slaves all termed their master's dwelling. But when on his fishing excursions, or hopping along the broad roads with his own peculiar gait, he sent forth an astounding volume of sound, in which there was not one discordant note. Sometimes it was a grand tenor, which made the woodlands ring with its deep, rich melody; then changing in a moment to a weird, pathetic strain, which often arrested my footsteps and caused me to stand and listen in mute delight and wonder. One of his favorite hymns was the refrain sung to the sweet old church hymn, "Come ye who love the Lord." I can hear it now—I think I shall ever hear it—that voice, with a music all its own, as he sang:

"We're marchin' troo Immanuel's ground
To fairer worlds on high."

"What makes you love to sing all the time, Ebony?" I asked one day, as I passed along the road near the field in which he was industriously hoeing.

In an instant he dropped his hoe, and looking me full in the face, gravely and seriously replied: "I *has* to sing, missy; seems like dere's sumpin' e'enside here," laying his hand on his broad chest, "dat mus' come out." Then, lowering his voice to a solemn tone, he said hesitatingly, "I tinks sometimes—mebbe missy—hit's God's voice widin me—w'at bids me 'sound His praise abroad'—so dat dem w'at doan' lub de blessed Saviour kin yeer an' know w'at a Christian's hope and joy is. Nubbody can he'p singin' dese sperritual songs, missy, ef dey lub de Lord."

Poor, untutored slave! I thought; mind all untrained, faculties untaught, conceptions darkened; and yet may it not be that he has attained to a higher growth in the divine life than many whose advantages have ever been unlimited?

"Sing on then, Ebony," I said to him, "sing on! for then I know that you are happy, and I do love to hear you!"

His face lit up immediately as I spoke; then, while moving on, I heard him ask from Heaven a special blessing for "de young town missy." Was he dimly conscious of how much she needed his humble prayer? Poor black Eb! I know now how abundant were thy treasures. He was not naturally robust, but very energetic, and, as far as the light shone for him, was pos-

sessed of a certain conscientious notion in the discharge of his duties.

As often happens in such cases, there was more continuous hard labor put upon him than he was able to bear. Frequently he told me how very weary he was—too weary to sleep at night. And upon one occasion he had asked the white overseer to transfer some very hard ditching to a stronger man.

The answer was: "Well, if you are too sick to work, go into your cabin, and don't let me see you out again for three days."

"Ah, dat git nixt to me, sho'," said the poor fellow in his peculiar dialect. "He kno'ed well 'nuff, Massa Abram did, dat I'd work all my bones out befo' I'd miss my schoolin', so I neber say 'tired' or 'sick' ter him any mo'."

But the terrible strain could not go on always. There had been several cases of malaria on the river-side where Ebony dwelt, and, although deeply grieved, I was not surprised to hear from Madge one day that poor Eb was sick and could not leave his house. Madge's deep interest, added to my own, roused Mr. Harleston to interfere more than was his wont to do in such cases. The next day Ebony was moved to a more comfortable house near Aunt Chaney's, and soon the physician of the district was sent for to treat his case specially.

From the first he had been violently ill, and two weeks of wild delirium were followed by many days when the soul made no sign to denote its presence in the earthly tabernacle—when neither the country physician, or the city sage who had been summoned for consultation, could surely decide whether there still lingered in the senseless frame one spark of that mysterious power we call vitality. But there came a day when he opened his eyes in consciousness of surrounding objects, and held out his feeble hand to Aunt Chaney, who wept over him abundantly. A day or two after, he smiled in faint satisfaction at the soft white pillow on which his weary head lay, made specially for him by "dat blessed little town missy," who was always so "berry good." Then he managed to articulate the word "pray;" and good old Aunt Chaney did pray, kneeling by his bedside, with her wrinkled hands clasped in his own.

Aunt Chaney! Few are the prototypes left us now of all who were once our invaluable household treasures. You were indeed a "ministering angel" to poor black Ebony, and I trust you have, long ere this, met each other in "dat better lan'" concerning which you spoke so often together while here below.

At this stage Madge and myself visited our humble friend daily, carrying him gruel and tempting chicken-broths at each visit. But it soon became apparent that Ebony would not recover, as Madge and myself,

the most sanguine of all, had so earnestly hoped. One afternoon, near the setting of the sun, a message came to me. Ebony wished to say "good-by to de young town missy." Silently I followed the messenger, reaching the little cabin just as the autumnal sun was slowly fading away, leaving its golden tints on river, leaf and flower. By a strange coincidence, it was on the same day and at the same hour in which I had first met the poor dwarf one year before. Within was presented a scene which an artist's brush alone could fully depict. In the huge fireplace burned oaken and hickory logs, which, ever and anon throwing out fitful gleams, lit up for a moment the immense blackened rafters overhead, and revealed at the same time the low trundle bed in the farther corner of the room. On this humble couch I distinguished the motionless form of Ebony, his face calm and placid, his once strong hands, never more to ply their ceaseless toil, crossed upon his breast, conveying to me a sense of perfect rest and quietude.

A row of awe-stricken sable faces were ranged around the apartment; none, however, save Aunt Chaney and Lizette, the housemaid, venturing to draw near the bedside. Kneeling between them, by the dying man, I took his hand in mine. Never to be forgotten was the expression of his face, as slowly he raised his eyes to mine. It seemed transmuted with a light not born of earth. "The fairer worlds are drawing very nigh, Ebony." "Tank God, missy, berry nigh!" "And the golden gates, too—they are almost in sight!" There was no answer to this, save a faint pressure of my hand, for the portals of the New Jerusalem were slowly opening to admit the ransomed soul, upon whose face was reflected more strongly than before the effulgent glory of the light within. Unable to control my emotion, I buried my head in Aunt Chaney's motherly lap. Soon kind hands drew me away, and Aunt Chaney's voice said softly, "He's done cross de ribber, missy, an' landed safe on de oder side. Tank God! Tank God!"

Mr. Harleston was standing outside when I reached the doorway, and together we turned away from the little cabin. As I walked silently homeward through the grove of young oaks which separated the family dwelling from the quarters, the cool night winds sighing through the foliage, and the wild melodies that the river sang as it hurried away beneath the dark shadow of the cliffs, seemed to me a fitting requiem for the soul which but a short while since had been set free, and had passed into the great mystery beyond. And as I looked upward to the bright stars he so loved, and which in the deep azure seemed to glitter with unusual brilliancy, I felt assured that from that glorious world beyond their shining the soul of poor, black Ebony had been in no wise "cas' out."

MOTHER-LOVE.

WOMAN, where'er in God's good world you stand,

Who breathe a two-fold breath with some dear child,
And feel soft, dimpled fingers clasp your hand,
Or on your neck a climbing arm entwine,
Like reaching tendrils of a fair young vine—

And hear the voice that calls for "mother," wild
With happy talk and laughter. . . Ask no more.

Blessed are you who hold a living creed!

For all truth, this is a truth, indeed!

Whatever Life may give or take away

(Counting its keenest hurt all joy above,
Glad its blest anguish and dear pain to prove),
Nothing the heart can dream, or feel, or know,

Is half so deep, so dear as Mother-love.

MARY ANGE DE VERE.

WAS EMERSON COLD?

EIGHT generations of typical New England clergymen sent down to him their habit of reticence, of suppressed emotion, and, if one may say so, of natural unnaturalness. The ice that incrusting him had been forming since the winter of 1620. Is it venturesome to try to sound beneath it? Emerson had the temperament of a poet with the mind of a philosopher. His poetry—and it is to his poetry we must look to answer our question—is rarified by his philosophy, and his philosophy is fired by unerring poetic intuition.

Some one said well of him a few years ago, "He is a mystic rather than a skeptic." A mystic cannot be cold, for the very exhalations of thought into the glowing vapor of mysticism implies a central fire. In studying him we must remember that habitual reserve and the interplay of thought with emotion hold him quiet till he has passed the first and second stages of emotional experience, so we can get from him no outcry, no

"Tears and laughter for all time,"

as from Shakspeare—the worse, perhaps, for him and for us. But were the tears and laughter ever there? One has only to be able to read backward a little way to answer.

To be cold were to be, for example, like Pope, whose lines, rolling on in smooth succession, give no hint of pain different from that of wounded vanity or ambition, no sign of sensibility to the mysterious forces that are not bound up in books; such as the currents of the air and light, the breath of flowers or the indescribable mental and spiritual quickening that results from fit companionship.

Emerson's poetry is to his prose what the blossom of the delicate, climbing honeysuckle is to the bright red and yellow flowers of the coarser varieties, which, at the same season, make so many trellises gay. Its faintly-tinted and hardly-parting petals open slowly, surprised while they look at you from their shy color into a golden hue; yet this alone of all the family has a soul. To the one who passes near it when the dew falls and the moon is up, it breathes out what all the glare of daylight could never reveal in the others. Emerson had the kinship with nature which made it possible for him to write "The Snow Storm" and "May Day," and to say in one mood:

"A woodland walk,
A quest of river grapes, a mocking thrush,
A wild rose or rock-living columbine
Salve my worst wounds."

He would be not cold, but cool as Wordsworth, if that mood had been constant; but turn a few pages and see what we have—a poem kindled with white heat. Its very concentration carries a convincing intensity, while we might wish it had expanded to the length of "In Memoriam," or had been wreathed with all the "sad embroidery" of Lycidas:

"A ruddy drop of manly blood
The surging sea outweighs;
The world uncertain comes and goes,
The lover, rooted, stays.
I fancied he was fled,
And after many a year
Glowed unexhausted kindness
Like daily sunrise there.
'O friend,' my bosom said,
'Through thee alone the sky is arched,
Through thee the rose is red;

All things through thee take nobler form
And look beyond the earth;
The mill-round of our fate appears
A sun-path in thy worth.
Me, too, thy nobleness has taught
To master my despair;
The fountains of my hidden life
Are through thy friendship fair."

In "The Nun's Aspiration" there is profound insight, the insight of the heart that detects, in watching her share in life and time,

"How drear the part she held in one,
How lame the other limped away."

It is true Tennyson's "St. Agnes" is read a hundred times for every glance that is cast on this. Tennyson's easy music catches the ear, and its voice is single and simple, the voice of a sweet song, while Emerson's Nun speaks words that would fit Beethoven's music. Artistically, it is, perhaps, a fault that such a poem should demand such close consideration; but the question is not of Emerson as an artist, and, once absorbed, we find the spirit of the poem adequate to the deepest despair and the highest hope. Is it not De Quincey who says, "Absolute despair is dumb"? and if a painter would give us the loneliest sea, he makes a gray waste of water, with only a single rock over which the waves can break, or a dismantled ship lighted only by the after-glow of sunset, saying most by uttering least.

A cold man is never stirred by enthusiasm. He watches critically while troops muster, and sees only through half-lights the beacons that draw high-souled men to glorious loss. He calculates motives while others lay down life. But if one would know of what stuff Emerson's soul was made, he can learn from his war poem, "Voluntaries." Not Lowell and Whittier and Holmes and Mrs. Howe have with their combined voices spoken the full meaning of 1862. Phases of its feeling they caught, and something of its scope, but its awful intensity of passion and principle, the tremendous surge that rolled out from love of country, from long-baffled indignation against wrong, world-wide pity and fore-looking hope—a surge that swept under in its tide hearts and homes trained by centuries of loyalty to an illimitable tenderness—all this no American less great than Emerson has found a musical chord grand enough to fit.

Still, perception of the secrets that "all can look at and few can see," sympathy with the tragic element in lives that die and make no sign, and even enthusiasm for great causes, leave something lacking to our conception of genuine warmth of heart. We must be told at last how the man can love and grieve in those relations that are common to all—where the philosopher and the day-laborer meet undistinguished. There are two poems, "The Dirge" and "Threnody" that answer us at this point. "The Dirge" is a pensive summer afternoon memory, as he recalls, in his walk by the Concord River, the brothers he had lost. He says:

"I touch this flower of silken leaf
Which once my childhood knew;
Its soft leaves wound me with a grief
Whose balsam never grew."

Then the "pine-warbler," singing to him, says:

"Go, lonely man!
They loved thee from their birth;
Their hands were pure and pure their faith."

There are no such hearts on earth;
 You cannot unlock your heart—
 The key is gone with them—
 The silent organ loudest chants
 The master's requiem."

"Threnody" is his wail over the beautiful boy, the little Waldo, whom Margaret Fuller and all who saw him pronounced the most gifted and lovable child they had ever known. In "Threnody" it is not Emerson, the great thinker of his time and of his country, who speaks, but Emerson the father, as he hungrily watches from his study window not to miss one innocent and lovely look of the boy on his way to school. No one can ever have loved a child who can read with undimmed eyes about the painted sled and the kennel and the snow-tower, "the ominous hole dug in the sand,"

"And every inch of garden ground
 Paced by the blessed feet around."

Then there comes the morning, when everything else,

all birds and common things could wake to life, but the boy was gone, and the father, "grown early old with grief," reaches out from the vacancy, saying:

"The eager fate which carried thee
 Took the largest part of me,
 For this losing is true dying."

No quotation can give the pathos of the poem—the mourning for the world's loss, as well as his own, rising gradually to those heights where lame reason never carried any man—and closing with an organ tone of sublime faith "of suffering born":

"What is excellent,
 As God lives, is permanent;
 Hearts are dust—hearts' loves remain;
 Heart's love shall meet thee again."

Do we need further search, or ever to ask again, Was Emerson cold?

ELIZABETH T. SPRING.

A SOUTHERLY RAIN.

BY CHARLES C. ABBOTT.

"WHAT about to-morrow?" I asked Uz, as we stood on the brow of the hill and gazed over the meadows at our feet, now partially veiled in a silvery mist.

Uz wet his forefinger and held it up, looking closely at the movement of the few fleecy clouds above as he did so. After a brief pause he replied, with the air of one well convinced of the truth of his opinions: "There'll be a southerly rain, and ducks."

A word about weather predictions. I am compelled to admit that I have faith in the judgment of men like old Uz Gaunt, when they pronounce an opinion as to the morrow or a day or two beyond; but he, like all other men, fails in the matter of foretelling seasons. Uz does not like my referring to the winter of 1880-81. His prediction, which he early made known to me, was quite the opposite of what the season proved to be. He consoled himself, however, with the earnest protest that he was never before mistaken, and that "covers three more than fifty years" since he commenced solving the riddle of what the winters will be.

"Natur knows what's coming," he has often said to me, "and natur gets ready for winter to suit the sort of weather it's goin' to be."

This is a common impression wherever I have wandered, but it will not stand the test of statistics. Corn-husks, pigs' spleens, goose breast-bones, squirrels' magazines of nuts, muskrat houses—all are relied upon by country people, but not one is trustworthy. Perhaps the position of the dark and light portions of the breast-bones of geese—that is, of geese hatched the previous spring—is more relied upon as an indication of the "open" or cold weather of an approaching winter than all the others; but it cannot be of any use, if for no other reason than because in a number of such bones reported upon by as many different people, there was nothing like unanimity; and, strangely enough, it is yet an open question whether the light portion of the bone is indicative of "open" weather and the dark portion of cold, or *vice versa*. What originally gave rise to these various signs is well worth tracing; but it is not to be dwelt upon here.

Having wandered too far already, let us take a back track and return to the hill-top, where Uz is still standing. No man who, without any pretensions to "book learning," studied nature out of doors, probably ever excelled Uz Gaunt in correct impressions of nature's methods. As a sportsman, or "a gunner," as he called himself, he was a success; for no one in the vicinity could excel him in finding game or in bringing it down. This, however, never worried me, for he generously gave me chances to shoot, although I often failed to secure a duck which he would surely not have missed. But Uz kept himself at times, when I was with him, so busied about the movements of the birds he sought, and was so interested in determining how nearly correct he had been in his calculations as to their whereabouts, that he forgot to shoot when they were flushed. Not long since he sculled up to a flock of widgeon, which we could not see, but which he "knew" were "just beyond that clump of alders." I had my doubts, and expressed them, but he was very firm. "They are skulkin' in there; now see if they ain't," he persisted; and so, nearer and nearer, we drew toward the bushes. His gun, already cocked, lay in his lap, and I was ready. Up they jumped, sure enough, and I got in both barrels. Uz never thought of his gun, but exclaimed with pride, "I told you so; I knew it." It was enough for him to be correct in his opinion.

So, when the to-morrow I mentioned at the opening of this sketch came, it proved to be a warm, rainy day, with a southerly wind, or "south-southerly" as he always called it. By this he meant that the wind might shift from southeast to southwest possibly, but at all times would be essentially "southerly." Uz was right in this, and the rain came down in a steady pour, with now and then a very brief intermission, and the river was soon swollen to the freshet stage. The meadows disappeared beneath a covering of shallow waters, and, better than all else, the ducks came.

Early in the morning of the fourth day Uz and I stood on the hill-top and took a general survey of the country before starting out. He noted the direction of

the wind, the general distribution of the clouds at the time, and then, pointing toward the river, with a significant nod, quietly remarked, "I said so." I looked in the direction indicated, and, sure enough, a long zig-zag line of ducks was coming up the river. "Widgeon and teal," he remarked after a pause, and then made a move to go to the boat. I wondered how he knew they were widgeon and teal, instead of black ducks and sprig-tails, but forbore asking; and on we walked until we reached the boat, a light cedar skiff, well trimmed with evergreens, and just large enough to hold us both. It was a pleasant thing to sit still while Uz did the sculling. With a scarcely appreciable motion of the wrist, he caused the boat to move rapidly yet noiselessly through the water, and, in some way past my comprehension, he knew just where a flock of ducks would be if they tarried in the overflowed meadows.

This day it was a repetition of the story that may be told by any one who has sculled after ducks. At times we were too much for the ducks, and, getting good shots, brought down several. Then again the ducks were too much for us, and were out of shot, in spite of all Uz's ingenuity and our united carefulness. There came a lull in the day's occupation, however, of more interest to me than the shooting. This was when we hauled up for a lunch and smoke. It met with Uz's approbation as well as my own, and when our pipes were lighted I drew him out as I had seldom done before. It was simply glorious to listen to what I may call a *natural* naturalist, a man that had read no zoological literature, and never heard of Darwin or Huxley.

"Ducks, it appears to me," remarked Uz as he gazed at the pile of a dozen lying in the boat, "either have a strong smack of the human about them, or man has a little of the duck about him."

"Why so?" I asked in surprise; for Uz was not much given to voluntary philosophizing.

"Because they are so cunning, and do so many things that we'd do in the same situation. Now, there's the green mallards. They will skulk in long green grass, and keep their heads moving with it, just so they can see you, but you'd never mistrust they were around. You don't see a widgeon do the same thing. They'll pitch for some dead stuff, hay or rubbish, more their own color."

"But ducks don't always have these chances," I protested, "and when there's nothing but water they've only an even chance."

"That's very true when we're talking about the river, or some big lake; but I'm talking of ducks on these meadows. For something over forty years I've shot over this tract, and don't know about any other but by hearsay; but if you want to know what I think of our meadow ducks, I'll tell you."

"Well, Uz, I won't interrupt again, and I do want to hear all you've a mind to tell me."

"Take 'em for all in all," Uz continued, "the sprig-tail is the shyest duck we have, and I've been outwitted more by them than any other duck; but, dear me! there ain't the ducks now there was when I was a young man. I've seen a thousand at a glance on the lower meadows. Well, as to the sprig-tails, the last time I had a chance at a flock of them worth speaking of was nigh on to ten years ago. A good fall fresh covered all the meadows except the high knolls, and I went down toward Swan Island floodgates, on Crosswick's Creek. Not a duck came near the stools for well on to an hour, and I'd a mind to go somewhere else, when I happened to see a bunch of teal making right for

me. I crouched down, and they came in easy shot, and I blazed away—fetched two; and then, what the snakes should jump up but a great swad o' sprig-tails right back of me! They'd been walking about in the high grass behind me, and I know they calculated their chances, and knew I'd be lookin' for 'em on the water, and not high and dry on the knolls. I'd a good notion of sprig-tails' cunnin' before then, but that made me set 'em down as the cutest of all ducks."

"Perhaps the ducks didn't see you," I suggested.

"Perhaps they didn't, only they did, just the same. Why, boy," exclaimed Uz with unusual energy, "those sprig-tails was within ten yards of me all the time—and to think I didn't even smell 'em!"

Uz here took a few contemplative puffs, and watched the curling smoke a moment in silence. Then, in his usual quiet manner, continued: "I'll tell you another thing about sprig-tails. More than once I've noticed that they make sort of slaves of other ducks. I've seen a dozen sprig-tails circle 'round a lot of stools, and wait until the teal that were with 'em sort of investigated the matter. The teal would settle down near by, and all would seem right, and then the sprig-tails would settle, but always on the off side of the stools; and if they got very near they'd smell a mouse and put off. I've often killed the teal in a flock of sprig-tails, and lost every one of the others. I'll tell you another way they're cunning. They haven't owls' eyes, I suppose, but go a good deal by smell; and they'll leave the river after sundown and come in on the meadows to feed, when there's nobody to disturb 'em. I learned their dodge, and tried night hunting; but it was no use. They'd feed by night where they'd never go by day, but the whole place would be picketed, and you couldn't get anywhere near 'em. Before your boat was shoved off, 'quack!' would yawp some spy, and the whole kit and caboodle would be off. I could hear their splash on the water as they riz up, but couldn't see a feather."

"I've noticed all this, too, Uz; but where is it like human nature to do as you've described?" I asked.

"Just here—just here. The ducks we've left us in these parts know at a glance that it's dangerous ground for 'em, and so they learn at the start to be extra careful. None of 'em are hatched about here, and couldn't know beforehand they'd ever see such a place; and yet, so soon as the freshets bring 'em up the river, they take it all in at once, and work accordin'. A wild duck is wild anywhere, but around here he's wilder than ever; and this bein' wilder only means that he has to be more careful and cunnin', and so he is so. That is why I think a duck has some sort of a mind. It's a hard-twisted subject, I know; but the more I think of it, the more I've a notion that there's a smack of man-nature in wild ducks—or t'other way, just as you choose."

"Most people would want stronger evidence than you mention, Uz, to make them think so," I replied, not knowing what to say really.

"I s'pose they would—I s'pose they would; but the only way to see things as I do is to use my eyes. Follow up the ducks and other critters about here as I've done, and they'll look very different to you from what they do when you see 'em once a year only, and then in a m'nagerie. Pshaw, boy! it takes years to get to knowin' birds and things; but when you do, you'll give 'em more credit for common sense than the crowd gives 'em. When you're my age, boy, if you follow it up, you'll think as I do."

"I have been following up this matter for some time,

Uz, and have written something about it," I replied, when he had fairly finished his little speech, and commenced a vigorous puffing at his pipe.

"Written somethin'? Well, that's no harm. Did you have it printed?"

"Yes, certainly; why not?"

"Well, there's just this about it," Uz replied very slowly, evidently thinking as he spoke. "It may be all very well to print what you know, but I've a notion that you're not old enough yet to know much about it. You don't know ducks as I do; but then—but then—but then, if you wait till you're as old as I am, and see things as I do, the world would set you down for a crank if you printed what you thought."

"That isn't very encouraging, anyhow," I said with a half sigh.

"The fact is, boy, that it can't be proved, I suppose, but animals of all kinds are not so wide apart from folks as these very folks think they are. If I've learned nothing else by shooting and fishing all my life, I've learned that. There's a sort of family likeness running through the whole of us, whether we've two legs or four."

"That is the doctrine of evolution, Uz," I remarked.

"Call it what you choose, boy—but my pipe's out, and it's time we were moving."

This was my last day out with Uz Gaunt. Soon after the rheumatism bent and twisted him until he was helpless; and one pleasant afternoon of the following October, while sitting in his wheel-chair and gazing thoughtfully at the giant trees that surrounded his house, he passed quietly away.

THE HOUSEHOLD—WOMEN AS NEWSPAPER CORRESPONDENTS.

It is a comparatively short time since this field of literary work has been opened to women; yet, short as it is, notable work has been accomplished. Names of such writers occur at once to us all, whose power of description, keen analysis of character, delicate humor and wide range of observation have given new life to journalism, and whose letters are looked for with eagerness by every reader. The ideal correspondent—man or woman—requires not only the qualities mentioned, but one which is the rarest of all gifts given to mortals—the power of stating a fact, uncolored by any slightest shadow of personal prejudice for or against. Where it is a mere question of impressions, fancy may have some play, and here a woman's susceptibility serves her in good stead, and her picturesque faculty will construct from even forbidding elements a study in which form and color and tone are all harmonious. But the tendency to exaggeration is not a womanly one alone: it is a national vice, carried to such an extent that we are in great danger of losing all relish for pure English and straightforward statement, this tendency with many having degenerated more and more, till for a certain class it has ended in wholesale lying.

There is a public catered for by such correspondents, the supply almost failing the demand—a public curious as to every petty detail of appearance or manners of any one whose life or work gives opportunity for curiosity, and who, as was most noticeable in, for instance, the case of the dying Carlyle, wanted to know each phase of infirmity and pitiful weakness. That such a public exists is sad enough, but it has been made in part by the very class of letter-writers who, holding nothing sacred, whether in life or death, regard a scandal or a calamity of any sort, public or private, as so much food for comment. And women here are sinners above men, from the very fact of their quicker, keener perceptions, and the added fact that, as women, they are allowed entrance often where men would fail to obtain it, and equally are secure from the punishment now and then awarded the insolent interviewer.

Once in, good-by forever to any sense of privacy or decent reserve. The cut of one's clothes, the quality of the food on one's table, any personal peculiarity, are all registered, with such additions as the increase of interest requires. Any man in public life, any woman whose work makes her in the slightest sense of public interest, runs the risk of seeing themselves placarded in any stray newspaper, and often in such fashion as makes the inference

unavoidable that it is by their own wish, and a pleasing sop to personal vanity.

Where—as sometimes happens in Washington, for instance—newspaper correspondents, unless of acknowledged position and reputation, are strenuously excluded from social gatherings, the most ingenious expedients are adopted to secure entrance, and when successful are chronicled at length as instances of journalistic enterprise!

The evil is too widespread and general for immediate suppression, but its remedy is, in part at least, in the hands of women. This passion for minute personal detail has been fostered by them, and in certain cases is legitimate. The habits of a great author, for instance, are full of interest, yet even he has his rights, and we may better forego some bits of such knowledge than fix the keynote to which a band of miscellaneous correspondents will pipe. Refuse to allow journals devoted to this form of news, whether the last agonies of a great man or a murderer, to enter the house, and, the demand ceasing, the supply must in time cease also.

HELEN CAMPBELL.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

A RECENT number of the *Philadelphia Press* alludes very gravely to the rag carpets of our grandmothers as an article of house use almost unknown to the modern housekeeper; and, after stating the fact that they have at last been discovered, appreciated, and are coming into common use among the ladies of the better classes in England, he very earnestly advises his countrywomen to go back about a century to the old style, and make and weave their own rag carpets; and, further, kindly tells us how to make some of them, enlarging on their quiet beauty and many excellencies. He had no intention of being funny, clearly, but that is too much of a joke to be passed in silence by the large number of women he would so kindly teach; and if he was as well informed of the home life of his native state as he seems to be about the nurseries of the "tight little island," he would know that rag carpets have been in steadily increasing use for the last century; that all housekeepers really knowing their business make from twenty-five to fifty yards each year; and for beauty, comfort and utility they far surpass finer grades, to say nothing of the pride and pleasure taken by the worthy dames in their manufacture and use, such as no fine lady ever enjoyed in the possession of the most elegant Brussels, velvet or Axminster. The mothers and home-makers of the old Dutch Commonwealth fully understand the fitness of things, although some of their progeny find it necessary to cross the water to improve their taste in domestic matters.

HOUSE MOTHER.



It is not often that one individual successfully carries a note-book in one pocket and a sketch-book in another, but Mr. Poore, in his illustrated paper on the Taos Indians, proves his facility in both directions, and we only regret that the inelastic pages of a magazine do not admit of more extended notes concerning these singular relics of a civilization literally pre-historic. Mr. Cushing's long residence and studies among the Zunis in a pueblo similar to that of Taos have been received with great favor, and the fruits of his researches will not, it is supposed, be fully revealed until his official report is made. This may probably be the work of years, and will, it is hoped, throw much light upon the history of the vanished races, marks of whose presence in some bygone time are found all over the American continent. The word *pueblo*, now generally applied to the family of tribes referred to by Mr. Poore, is Spanish, and means simply "village." In connection with Indians it has come to indicate those tribes living in permanent towns, as distinguished from the great majority of the red men whose habits are nomadic, save where they have been restricted to permanent reservations.

Does any one know of a liberally-disposed church organization which permits smoking during the hours of service? We have seen unregenerate youths smoke on the outskirts of a camp-meeting, but the etiquette of our Methodist brethren has never permitted the indulgence, as it were, within the gates. The question is asked in view of the recent invasion of legislative bodies by the now almost omnipresent cigar. In the House of Representatives during session it is common; in the Senate it is by no means unknown, and in many state legislatures it is believed to be practiced with more or less impunity. Courts of justice are probably for the most part as yet free from this nuisance, for nuisance it is when practiced to the discomfort of others and to the detriment of business. How long will it be before one may while away the periods of a dull sermon by watching the smoke-wreaths rise between him or her (why not her?) and the sacred desk? Tobacco is a kindly creature at times, and the almost universal craving of the human male for its narcotic principle goes far to prove its necessity; but the line ought to be drawn somewhere, and we would gladly see it drawn a long way from the door of the sanctuary.

A BRIEF reference was made not long since in these pages to the purchase by the United States of certain papers mentioned as the Franklin manuscripts. It has come to our knowledge that to the great majority of readers the history of these long lost and finally recovered manuscripts is wholly unknown, though it has been widely published in one form or another. We are indebted to R. Meade Bache, Esq., of the United States Coast Survey, for a full account of this remarkable literary find: After Franklin's death, in 1790, the slow-going reading public of that day was content to wait a couple of years for William Temple Franklin to edit and publish the voluminous literary remains of his grandfather. Years passed, however, and as he did not even make a beginning, other books were published forestalling the authorized

edition. It was not until 1818 that he brought out the first of his volumes, and five years later he died, leaving his work incomplete, and apparently incapable of being completed for want of material. He was undoubtedly an honest but inefficient man, whose habit of procrastination laid him open to many unjust charges; that, among others, of having been induced by "British gold" to suppress certain documents discreditable to the ministry. Thus ended act the first, and an interval of twenty-two years elapsed. Act the second opened in 1840, when there was discovered on a top shelf in an old tailor's shop in London a bundle of loose papers, which proved to be those the loss of which was suspected but had never been proven. The finder, not aware of their full value, after offering them in several quarters, sold them at last, in 1851, to Mr. Henry Stevens, an American resident in London, and already the possessor of valuable relics of Franklin. Among many other precious documents, the collection contains the original letter-books of the American legation in Paris, during the Revolutionary War, and until 1785. These include correspondence with France, Holland, Russia, Spain; negotiations for subsidies to carry on the war; letters relating to Paul Jones and his naval exploits; to Captain Cook and his voyage of discovery; to privateering; to negotiations for peace; to the treaty; records and correspondence of the commissioners on the part of Great Britain, who negotiated the treaty of 1783; copies of important state papers. A petition of the Continental Congress to the King is the duplicate of the one presented to the King by Franklin, and now deposited in the British archives. To guard against loss, the document in duplicate was signed by all the members of the Continental Congress and despatched to Franklin in separate ships. This copy is, therefore, equally original with that in the British archives, and of the same historical importance and interest. It will be seen, then, that the papers are of the highest value in completing the documentary history of the United States, and it is a matter for congratulation that Congress was, through the efforts of a few appreciative gentlemen, induced to make the appropriation necessary to secure the papers for the national archives.

WOMAN, for whatever reason, received a great deal of attention during the closing of winter and the opening of spring. This period covers the lenten quarantine, when she is not expected to receive so much attention as at other and gayer seasons. In Massachusetts, the usual programme of defeating a bill for women's suffrage was varied by a petition, signed by large numbers of women in the higher walks of life, protesting against the passage of any such law. It is hardly necessary to say that this action on their part arouses great indignation among the leaders of the suffrage movement in the Bay State. In New York, at the same time, the Rev. Dr. Morgan Dix gave great offense in the same quarter by a series of lectures, in which he said some things in a more blunt and outspoken way than is usually affected by Episcopalian clergymen. There was really, however, so much that was good and true and sensible in his remarks that it is a pity it should have been cast into the background by matter which was in itself really of less importance. In the same

city a serious attempt was made to procure the admission of women to the courses of study and instruction offered by Columbia College. The petition was denied by the trustees and faculty on the general ground that there were no funds and no accommodations for such an "annex" in Columbia College; and that, in short, they would rather not, being well satisfied to go on in the good old way. This action on their part was, as in the other cases, seized upon and made much of in a way that creates an unfavorable impression in the minds of many who yield to none in their devotion to women's rights. Strange as it may seem, there are many men who prefer not to share with women their daily tasks of study or instruction, and no doubt there are a great many women who have the same feeling with regard to men. For either sex to persist in forcing themselves where they are not wanted, is at least questionable policy and taste. The higher education of woman, whether in colleges of her own, in co-educational establishments, or through annexes and co-operative systems of home study, is another question altogether, and deserves the success it has achieved; but this perpetual knocking at doors which are deliberately closed and bolted on the inside by the lawful tenants, is in danger of being overdone. This is a matter which will settle itself. As soon as it is apparently to the interest of any college to afford educational privileges to women, a way will be found to accomplish the desired end. Besides all this, the divorce question has been widely discussed in the public prints and by the highest authorities in the land, the best opinion seeming to be that a unification of diverse state laws is one of the first things which ought to be aimed at. This done, reform can be effected from a definite starting point.

* *

THE author of "Miss Molly" gave so much genuine pleasure to her readers in that bright and charming little story that they have just cause to upbraid her for the sombre colors she has used in her latest novel,¹ which is an episode in our Revolutionary war. The local coloring is exceedingly delicate and true to nature. Geraldine herself is a lovely nature, and her dreamy girlhood, her intense power of self-abnegation, and her capacity of unreasoning love are all made very real, and very pitiful also. She loves unconsciously a man who has sacrificed his life to ambition, and whose only real affection has been for his dead mother. He visits Geraldine's birthplace as enrolling officer, in company with a far more lovable friend, Philip Honeywood, also an officer, and both fall in love simultaneously with the beautiful girl. Captain Calverly, the elder, whom she has learned to love as a hero, is naturally the favored one, and a speedy marriage, saddened by some phases of war and its miseries, speedily takes place. Then follows, after a year of happiness, a piece of treason as dark as Arnold's. Captain Calverly goes over to the British side, and, believing his wife will never forgive him, forsakes her with merely a written word of farewell. She follows him, and one tragedy succeeds another, till finally the chances of war bring him, a prisoner and wounded, into the power of the friends he has betrayed. There is a strongly dramatic scene, in which Geraldine petitions her old lover, now General Honeywood, for her husband's life; and there are many quite as effective bits of description when parole has been granted and he returns, a dishonored traitor, to the village that had once rejoiced to honor him. But it is a sad, even oppressive book. Love remains even when respect is dead—a false lesson in any case—and the whole tone is morbid and unwholesome, though possessing undeniable power. The "Leisure Hour Series" has given too much pleasure to its readers to make one willingly accept any addition made up of morbid analysis and a false theory of life, and we beg Miss Butt to return to her earlier manner.

(1) *GERALDINE HAWTHORNE*. By Beatrice May Butt. *Leisure Hour Series*. 16mo, pp. 238, \$1.00. Henry Holt & Co., New York.

No one who would understand Heine should fail to read Mr. S. L. Fleishman's excellent translation of "The Romantic School."¹ No more audacious pages were ever written. Whether it holds Heine's best work may be questioned, but certainly it is his most characteristic, and every page is filled with the mocking, flashing, often scurrilous wit of this nineteenth century pagan, who, in the mocking, never excepted himself. In one sense the book is a patriotic one, for it was an attempt to make a certain school of German writers known to France, which had no understanding that such school did or could exist. But patriotism was a very small factor in the case. Heine detested romanticism and the men who founded it. Toward some of them, as in the case of Menzel, he had a strong personal grudge, and he doubted the sincerity and the intentions of all. He had long ceased to have the slightest regard for conventionalities, and undoubtedly the irritation of his coming malady worked also against him. Certainly the critical temper, in any dispassionate and quiet sense, had no part in him. Reckless, bitter, vindictive to the last degree, he worried his victims as a terrier worries a rat, with shrill barks of delight at his own success, and with no touch of after repentance. His insight was as keen as his sympathy was dull, and his judgment yielded always to his prejudice.

The German romantic school was really the result of the Napoleonic invasions, which roused and united the German people, and restored their love for old institutions and faiths. Heine defines it as "the reawakening of the poetry of the Middle Ages as it manifested itself in the poems, paintings and sculptures, in the art and life of those times;" and, having defined it, proceeds so far as he can to annihilate it. Against Görres, who represented it very strongly, he has a special fury. Görres was a disciple of Schelling, and one of the chief leaders in the patriotic movement. He became a lecturer at Munich, an advocate of both German independence and a return to the elder beliefs, and Heine takes the ground that "hate against France, joined to a degraded, imbruted standard of right, were his sole motives"—writing of him:

"His lectures, as well as his books, betray the greatest confusion and entanglement of ideas and language, and he was often compared, not without reason, to the Tower of Babel. He really does resemble an immense tower, in which a hundred thousand thoughts are surging to and fro, haranguing, shouting, scolding, and yet unable to understand one another. At intervals the din seemed to moderate, and then his speech was slow, low and tedious; drip! drip! drip! from his dolorous lips fell the monotonous words, like the dreary dropping of rain from the leaden eaves of a roof. When at times the old demagogic fury awoke in him, contrasting most disagreeably with his pious phrases of monkish humility; when he sniveled words of Christian love, at the same time springing to and fro in bloodthirsty rage—then he resembled a tansured hyena."

This is calmness itself compared with his pages on Schlegel, which are too foul for any reproduction, being one of the most abominable outrages ever inflicted by one author upon another. One would suppose both Schlegel brothers and every pupil under them lunatics and fools, while Friedrich Schlegel's wife, Dorothea Mendelssohn, he drags before the public in a scandal which never really touched her, but over the details of which Heine gloats with an absolutely fiendish enjoyment. Nor can he pardon the husband's conversion to the Catholic faith, but brands him as liar and hypocrite, false to every obligation—a despicable and atrocious figure.

For Hoffman and Tieck and Novalis he is less scurrilous but quite as contemptuous. Of Uhland, whom he had once admired, he writes, and one must smile at the pungent characterization:

"His Pegasus was a knightly steed that gladly trotted back to the past, but obstinately refused to budge when urged for-

(1) *THE ROMANTIC SCHOOL*. By Heinrich Heine. Translated by S. L. Fleishman. 12mo, pp. 273, \$1.50. Henry Holt & Co., New York.

ward into our modern life; and so our worthy Uhland smilingly dismounted, quietly unsaddled the unruly steed, and led it back to the stable. There it remains to this very day. Like its colleague, the famous war-horse Bayard, it possesses all possible virtues, and only one fault—it is dead."

For Goethe he has only praise, and his eulogy is both fine and discriminating, but his judgments in other directions are well nigh valueless. The book is a powerful one, and of value to all readers who can use their own minds, but demands both prudence and reserve in the reader, who, if fascinated by its brilliant and merciless wit, must never forget how untrustworthy its conclusions are. Mr. Fleishman has various errors in spelling foreign words, for which the proof-reader may be responsible, and his metrical translations are poor; but otherwise the book is very creditably done, and is an interesting addition to the literature of criticism.



MRS. OLIPHANT'S "Little Pilgrim" has gone into its eighth edition in England.

THE Putnams are to republish the mysterious anonymous novel lately issued by the Blackwoods under the title of "My Trivial Life and Misfortunes."

A DIFFICULT task has just been completed by Miss Helen Mercier, a Dutch lady, who has translated Mrs. Browning's "Aurora Leigh" into Dutch, the rhythms of which did not easily lend themselves to the English verse.

WHY one hundred and sixty-five translations of Tennyson's epitaph on Sir John Franklin should be made may be questioned; but the work is done and embodied in a volume, a third of the renderings being in Greek, one in Sanskrit, and most of the rest in Latin.

HENRY HOLT & Co. are soon to issue the initial number of "The Leisure Moment Series." The series will consist of good light literature, principally novels, and will be printed on good paper in clear type. The books will have heavy paper covers, bearing a tasteful design. The prices will be only a trifle higher than those of the various pamphlet "Libraries."

SCANDAL and love of minute personal detail are by no means confined to America. Of the third volume of the "Life of Bishop Wilberforce" five thousand copies have been sold; the entire edition is exhausted, and the success of this volume has given a fresh start to the sale of the two preceding ones. The publishing price of the volume was fifteen shillings, or about four dollars.

THE series of pamphlets entitled "Questions of the Day" has been of especial value and interest, suggesting fresh views even when the reader and author were not in harmony; and this will be found to be the case with "The Taxation of the Elevated Railroads in the City of New York," by Roger Foster of the New York bar. (Paper, pp. 61, 50 cents; G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York).

"THE SANITARY NEWS," of Chicago, an especially bright and well-edited weekly, and *The Sanitarian*, of New York, are both working in the same field, and the motto of the first, "Healthy Homes and Healthy Living," might equally be that of the last. The articles are popular enough in their treatment to please the general reader, yet thoroughly trustworthy as to facts, and either or both may be considered essential to every householder.

"LATINE" for March is still another proof not only of Professor Shumway's energy, but of his statement that Latin can be made as alive as any modern language. It includes in its varied list of contents a relation of the chief events of February done into Latin and the new schedule of work for Latinists, in which especially noticeable are the proposed comparisons by means of Latin questions of Virgil with Horace, Livy with Tacitus, the letters of Cicero with those of Pliny, and Cicero's "Dream of Scipio" with Plato's writing on the same subject.

MR. RANDOLPH CALDECOTT has illustrated "Æsop's Fables," and the book has just been brought out by Macmillan & Co. The *Tribune* gives a story of the artist's early days. When he "was yet a clerk in a Manchester bank he was wont to have a ceaseless craving for drawing on his office blotting-paper. The consumption of blotting-paper in Mr. Caldecott's department was so great that the bank authorities had to mildly suggest that, although accounts were drawn against, and in some cases, perhaps, overdrawn, yet the establishment was not a drawing-school."

THE opening chapters of "Timothy: His Neighbors and His Friends," by Mrs. Mary E. Ireland, are so picturesque, as well as true to nature, that one is disappointed in finding the interest slacken and the movement toward the end become commonplace and almost uninteresting. But even with this defect the story, which is the career of a small newsboy, is so wholesome and sweet in tone, and the lesson it holds is so unobtrusively given that the book deserves well of the public, and should have a place for older boys and girls in every well-selected Sunday-school library. (12mo, pp. 292, \$1.25; J. B. Lippincott & Co.).

MESSRS. ROBERTS BROTHERS have reprinted a very amusing and equally useful little book, "Whist or Bumblepuppy? Ten Lectures Addressed to Children," by Pembroke. "Bumblepuppy" is persistent playing of whist, either with no knowledge of its rules, or with no memory for any of its fundamental principles. The bumblepuppyist is a source of wrath and aggravation to the scientific player, who abhors a trifter, and demands, like Mrs. Battle, "the rigor of the game;" and the little treatise, ostensibly a joke, is really a trustworthy guide, and will give the average player many serviceable hints. (16mo, pp. 89, \$1.00).

THREE of the most finished classical scholars of the day have made an English prose version of the "Iliad," that, if prose be accepted as a legitimate form, is simply perfect of its kind. A prose translation is always more literal, and thus gives more information than a poetical one, which is always open to the charge of having been more or less subject to the translator's fancy. But when men like Andrew Lang and Ernest Myers, of Oxford, and Walter Leaf, of Cambridge, work together, the result can only be not merely perfect accuracy but perfect English, and thus far, at least, poetical quality. (12mo, pp. 518, \$1.50; Macmillan & Co., London).

No portrait of Longfellow before the public is likely to give as entire pleasure and satisfaction as the one lately published by Frederick Keppel, of New York. It is drawn and engraved in the pure line manner by Charles Burt, who is the chief engraver of portraits and vignettes for the U. S. Treasury, the basis of the portrait being a photograph which was taken in the poet's seventieth year, and which his family and friends preferred to all others. It gives the full face, and the expression is singularly vivid, yet with all the gentleness which was the poet's peculiar charm, and the engraving is so clear and satisfactory in execution that it should take permanent place among all lovers of Longfellow.

No body of clergymen in the United States needs training in elocution more than the Episcopalians, and thus all will welcome an exceedingly practical and com-

prehensive manual of elocution by the Rev. Francis T. Russell, "The Use of the Voice in Reading and Speaking." There are few impressive readers in any denomination, but a church where reading forms the major part of the service certainly needs special care to prevent monotony in inflection and manner. As a rule, the noble service is either gabbled or gobbled, and custom alone enables one to sit it out. Mr. Russell writes with careful intelligence. His book is the result of years of study in this direction, and is something much more than a collection of technical rules, and we trust that the clergy will hasten to profit by it. (12mo, pp. 348, \$1.00; D. Appleton & Co., New York).

MR. SMALLEY gives some incisive and amusing comments on the system of cataloguing practiced by English dealers in second-hand books. He writes: "In too many cases the English catalogue is wanting, not only in exact knowledge, but in common honesty. In a recent list of books issued by a firm not far removed from (though not in) Leicester Square may be found advertised Merry's 'Witticisms, etc., of Dr. Johnson,' with this note of the bookseller: 'A highly interesting copy, having a superscription, "To Mrs. Thrale, Southwark," in Johnson's autograph, inserted opposite the frontispiece.' The book was published in 1791. Dr. Johnson died in 1784. If he really wrote Mrs. Thrale's name in this volume seven years after his death, the cataloguer might condescend to explain how he did it, and what were the means of communication between this world and that in which the great moralist was then residing. This is a rather more flagrant example than usual, but it may serve to show how far the dealer presumes on the credulity of his customer."

AMONG books indispensable to the literary worker must certainly be reckoned one which has lately passed to a second edition, "Short Sayings of Great Men, with Historical and Explanatory Notes," by Samuel Arthur Bent, A. M. The book is something far more than a mere storehouse of quotations. Each author mentioned has not only the distinctive phrase or sentence that has made his name famous, but a condensed biographical note, and many notes bearing on his life and work, and containing other sayings less noted but as characteristic. The author writes: "Curiosity, if not gratitude, would wish to follow to their source words which have, during the centuries since their first appearance, come repeatedly to man's aid in the sudden emergencies wherein history repeats itself. Many of them adorn the page of the historian, giving to narrative its local color, and lending to descriptions of character the air and dignity of authenticity. Research may, therefore, pay the debt of history by relieving such sayings of all adventitious circumstance by removing those which belong to history from the domain of tradition, and relegating others to the abode of the myth." The labor involved in such research can hardly be appreciated by the average reader, but the result gives one of the most carefully edited collections ever made, and the book will take permanent place in a niche never before so well filled. (8vo, pp. 610, \$3.00; James R. Osgood & Co., Boston).

MR. W. H. BISHOP's "House of a Merchant Prince," which has been running for a year in the *Atlantic*, is now in book form, and can thus be judged more fully and fairly than separate chapters will ever admit. Mr. Bishop belongs to the Henry James school, and deals like him in microscopic analysis, but fortunately he has too manly and hearty a personality to end in negations or colorless affirmations, and much genuine life finds place between the pages. The book holds a carefully-drawn picture of New York society, of the same variety as that treated in the "Confessions of a Frivolous Girl." There are fashionable women and inane exquisites, with some who are not inane, but merely hurt by inherited wealth.

The career of Rodman Harvey, the merchant prince, his rise and partial fall and forlorn ending are very graphically done. His wife, who is as inconsequent as Mrs. Nickleby, is very amusing, her mixed metaphors being one of the bright points in the conversations, which are all bright. Otilie, the poor niece of the merchant prince, is a very charming figure—independent yet gentle, spirited but very loving; and that Bainbridge finally conquers all her scruples and wins her is a great satisfaction to the anxious reader. It is a misfortune that the opening is so tedious, but, as a whole, the book is well worth reading, and will even be of value from the historical point of view, so faithful is every detail of mercantile life in New York. (12mo, pp. 420, \$1.50; Houghton, Mifflin & Co.).

IN books with a purpose artistic qualities are usually sacrificed to the end to be accomplished, and the story as such is lost behind the moral; and "John Bremm, His Prison Bars; a Temperance Story," by Mr. A. A. Hopkins (12mo, pp. 256, \$1.50), barely escapes this fate. But it does escape it, even when the purpose is most strenuous, and the course of the spirited and popular boy toward a manhood full of the temptations that beset especially both journalistic and political life, is given with an interest that holds one to the end. He is early betrothed to a woman whose own convictions are so intense and deeply rooted as to make her absolutely inflexible where any change is demanded. John Bremm's yielding again and again to the spell of liquor is forgiven at first, but always with a lengthening of the time of probation, till at an especially flagrant breach it is broken, to be renewed and consummated only when the victim has paid the penalty of his own transgressions and lies on his death-bed. The woman is less lovable than the man, yet it is impossible not to respect her standpoint. The political life of the capital at Baylon—otherwise Albany—is minutely and excellently drawn, and many of the minor characters in the book are very much alive to the reader. In dramatic power it must take rank below a later story in which some of the same characters appear—"Sinner and Saint: A Story of the Woman's Crusade" (12mo, pp. 336, \$1.50). Those who followed the course of this movement at the West will recognize its fidelity to fact. "Fashionable Hospitality" does its usual work in unsettling weak purposes, and putting unnecessary temptation in a way already hard enough for those who walk in it. It is John Bremm's widow who appears again, and takes active part in a crusade, the story of which may stand as history. Ransom Wilde is a strongly-drawn character, and his story, for which there is no room here, of absorbing interest. His struggle against long habit is a tremendous one, most graphically given, and the reader rejoices with him when it ends triumphantly, and he is restored to his family and to a love he has earned fairly and fully. Keen observation, an easy and graceful style, a very sympathetic and tender nature, and a faith that there is hope for the worst, set the books far above the usual work in this direction, and indicate qualities from which we may confidently expect more and better accomplishment in the future. (D. Lothrop & Co., Boston).

NEW BOOKS.

THE SIEGE OF LONDON. The Pension Beaurepas and The Point of View. By Henry James, Jr. 12mo, pp. 294, \$1.50. James R. Osgood & Co., Boston.

DISEASES OF MEMORY. An Essay in the Positive Psychology. By Th. Ribot. Translated from the French, by William Huntington Smith. 12mo, pp. 209, \$1.50. D. Appleton & Co.

ANTS, BEES AND WASPS. A Record of Observations on the Habits of the Social Hymenoptera. By Sir John Lubbock. International Scientific Series. 12mo, pp. 448, \$1.50. D. Appleton & Co.

THE COUNTESS OF RUDOLSTADT. A Sequel to "Consuelo." By George Sand. Translated by Fayette Robinson. Square, 12mo, paper, pp. 329, 75 cents. T. B. Peterson & Brother.



THE New York Tribune has published in pamphlet form a series of lectures recently delivered in the Church of the Strangers, by Prof. C. A. Young. In the one upon Meteors and Comets occurs the following: "I think I may say that I will take for my text this little piece of stone which I hold in my hand, and which to the casual observer has nothing peculiar about it. It is only a little grayish piece of rock with a dark crust upon one side: but when I tell you that it is a piece of one of those bodies which drop from the sky on to the earth—a part of another world, in short, that has come to us from the planetary abyss—I think it will have for all of us a new and peculiar interest. The stone of which this is a fragment fell in 1857, at the village of Parnallee, in Southern India. The Rev. H. S. Taylor, a missionary of the American Board, who was then stationed at that place, visited the spot a short time after the fall. Of the two stones which fell at the time, he obtained one and sent it to the Western Reserve College. This body, which was somewhat larger than a man's head, was broken up for distribution to different cabinets, some being reserved for the college cabinet there, and other pieces being sent to the British Museum. Mr. Taylor gives the following account of its fall, and it is so good an account of what usually happens under such circumstances that I will read it to you. 'Two meteoric stones fell on the twenty-eighth of February from a clear sky, about noon, near the village of Parnallee, where some of our Christian people live. The smaller one weighs thirty-seven pounds, and the larger one is three or four times as heavy. The larger one fell first, the smaller one two or three seconds later, and two or three miles south of the first one. The larger, falling into tenacious and hard earth, sank into the ground but two feet five inches: it came from the north, making an angle with the vertical of about fifteen degrees. The smaller one fell nearly perpendicularly, and sank in the ground two feet eight inches. As there had been no rain since they fell I was able on going there three days ago' (the letter was written early in April), 'to measure their depth, to see just the impression they left when taken up, and to assure myself by inquiry and observation as to the stones having really fallen there. Some children were picking cotton within a few rods of the first when it fell, and two women were standing near the place when the second struck. A cloud of dust was raised in each case, for the ground was dry, and before night the large stone was visited by crowds from the neighboring villages. The noise which the stones made was terrific to all in the vicinity, and was heard distinctly for a distance of from fifteen to twenty miles. The people generally say that it lasted twenty minutes.' This last statement I will remark, in passing, is a very fair example of the exaggerated estimate of time which people make under excitement. It is not at all probable that the noise could have lasted two minutes, and it is not possible that it could have lasted five. At first it seemed so unlikely that stone and iron should fall out of the sky that it was quite pardonable for scientific men, up to the beginning of the century, to doubt the fact. In 1803, however, an event occurred which put an end to all skepticism. On the 26th of April, of that year, at about half-past one

in the afternoon a shower of stones fell within eighty-five miles of Paris, in Normandy. There were about two thousand of them, weighing from eight ounces to seven pounds, filling a space some seven miles long and a mile and a-half wide. The French Academy appointed a committee to investigate the matter, under the chairmanship of M. Blot, and they looked into the thing thoroughly. They got possession of a great many specimens. They talked with people who actually burned their hands and had sore fingers from having burned their hands in picking up stones when they were hot, and they saw marks on the buildings and trees where they had fallen. That very same year, a few weeks later, a stone struck a chimney in Yorkshire, England. That stone is preserved in a cabinet, and has been analyzed and found to be very much like those in France. In the United States there have been quite a number of cases of this kind. In Western Connecticut, on December 14, 1807, a most remarkable fall occurred. The meteor came down through Massachusetts, traveling a distance of eighty or ninety miles before the pieces struck the earth. There was about one thousand pounds weight in all, and some two hundred or three hundred pounds of the specimens are still in the Yale College cabinet. In 1843, a stone fell in South Carolina which was much like chalk, instead of being iron. In 1847 a stone fell in Iowa, another in North Carolina in 1849, slaty in its structure. In 1860 there was a shower of stones in Ohio, weighing altogether something like a ton. The largest, weighing four hundred and fifty pounds, is now in the Amherst College cabinet. In Iowa, in 1875, there was a quantity of them, four or five hundred, and again in Iowa, in 1879, something like a thousand pounds weight of pieces fell—several hundred stones in all."

A RECENT writer in the *China Review* exemplifies the difficulties surrounding interpretation from Chinese into English, or vice versa, by mentioning that the simple question, *Was he (or she) dead?* which occurs so frequently in inquests and other judicial proceedings, admits of a positive or negative reply according to whether the European or Chinese idea as to when death occurs be followed. We believe that a man is dead when he has ceased to breathe, and when his blood no longer circulates. The Chinese consider him still alive whilst a trace of warmth lingers in the body. The two estimates may thus differ by several hours; hence it was that in inquests in Hong Kong the time of death formed a stumbling-block in almost every Chinese case. The medical evidence would show that the deceased must have been dead when brought to the hospital, while the relatives would swear he was alive at the gate. Subsequent inquiry showed that the general view among the Chinese is that a person is considered to be dead when the body is cold, and not before. It does not speak very well for the Chinese scholarship of the officials of Hong Kong that it took about forty years to discover this important distinction.

A GOVERNMENTAL decree has just been issued in France containing six articles relating to the employment of children in French factories. It is absolutely forbidden henceforth to employ children in the manufacture of certain dangerous chemicals, or to let boys under sixteen or girls under eighteen years of age do hard work at mills. It is also made illegal to allow boys or girls under a certain age to draw any trucks on the public streets or highways, or when inside the manufactories to draw any vehicles which, together with their load, shall weigh more than one hundred kilogrammes. Neither must children be employed in manufacturing bone, horn, or mother-of-pearl articles, the dust from which is injurious to the lungs; nor in business involving risk to life and limb; as, for instance, slating roofs. Proper ventilation of the factories is also made compulsory.

S. A. LATTIMORE.



Miss Smilax, loq.—“Recognize it? Certainly! A perfect likeness! But, my love, why don't you have the darling little fellow taken with his pretty collar on?”

Dem Charmin' Bells.

Come along, true believer, come along!
 De time is a rollin' 'roun'
 W'en dem w'at stan's a haltin' by de way
 Won't w'ar no glory-crown!
 Oh, de sun shine white, de sun shine bright—
 Year de news w'at de sperit tells;
 De angels say dere's nothin' fer ter do
 But ter ring dem charmin' bells!
 Almos' home! almos' home!
 We faints and falls by spells;
 Angels say ain't nothin' fer ter do
 But ter ring dem charmin' bells!

Come along, true believer, come along!
 De way is open wide;
 No use fer sinners ter be stumblin' 'roun'
 A-huntin' for de hev'mly guide!
 Oh, saints, slip thro'! Oh, sinners, come too!
 En a-year w'at my Lord tells;
 De angels say dere's nothin' fer ter do
 But ter ring dem charmin' bells!
 Almos' home! almos' home!
 We faints en falls by spells;
 Angels say ain't nothin' fer ter do
 But ter ring dem charmin' bells!

Come along, true believer, come along,
 En walk in de hev'mly way!
 I rastle wid Jacob all night—all night—
 I rastle wid Jacob all day!
 My cross is heavy, en it's O my Lord!
 En I year w'at de sperit tells;
 De angels say dere's nothin' fer ter do
 But ter ring dem charmin' bells!
 Almos' home! almos' home!
 We faints en falls by spells;
 Angels say ain't nothin' fer ter do
 But ter ring dem charmin' bells!

JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS.

Kitty.

I COULD not call her by the name
 Her Quaker mother gave her;
 Unwilling were my lips to frame,
 For one like her, a word so tame,
 With neither salt nor savor.
 But, somehow, as I dreamed of her,
 Neglecting Kent and Chitty,
 To mind and heart would still recur
 One name, and that was—Kitty.

A name some flitting fancy wrought,
 I know not why nor wherefore,
 It came to dwell with me unsought,
 Yet ever to my mind it brought
 One face and form, and therefore
 On many a marge of legal brief,
 In many a careless ditty,
 On tinted sheet and printed leaf,
 I scrawled the name of—Kitty.

I wrote to her one day, but why
 I do not now remember;
 I know I dared address her, “My
 Dear Kitty,” and, in swift reply,
 All in the glad September,
 Came friendly note, and, at the close,
 Than written word more witty,
 A pictured kitten in repose,
 The sign and seal of—Kitty.

This name I gave her to her face,
 Her lips did not reprove me;

It fitted her with dainty grace,
 And—strange the name should win the race—
 Thenceforth she learned to love me.
 And sweet the joy I find in this,
 While all the world I pity,
 That none with me may share the bliss
 Of calling her my—Kitty.

HOMER GREENE.

The Old, Old Story.

How doth the busy story scribe
 Indite from week to week
 His wonderful installments,
 Surpassing tongue to speak!
 The lover, in the frenzy
 Of Love's infatuation,
 Receiveth not his answer
 Till next week's continuation.

H. S. KELLER.



Once a Week.